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N O T I C E.

THIS number of the Magazine, it will be observed, is enlarged twelve pages, which is to be the size of the numbers in future; making two volumes a year of three hundred and sixty pages each. The additional pages will generally be printed on smaller type, which will give, on the average, during the year, about one-third more matter than heretofore. In consequence of this enlargement, and the great advance in the price of printing, the terms of the work will be as follows:—

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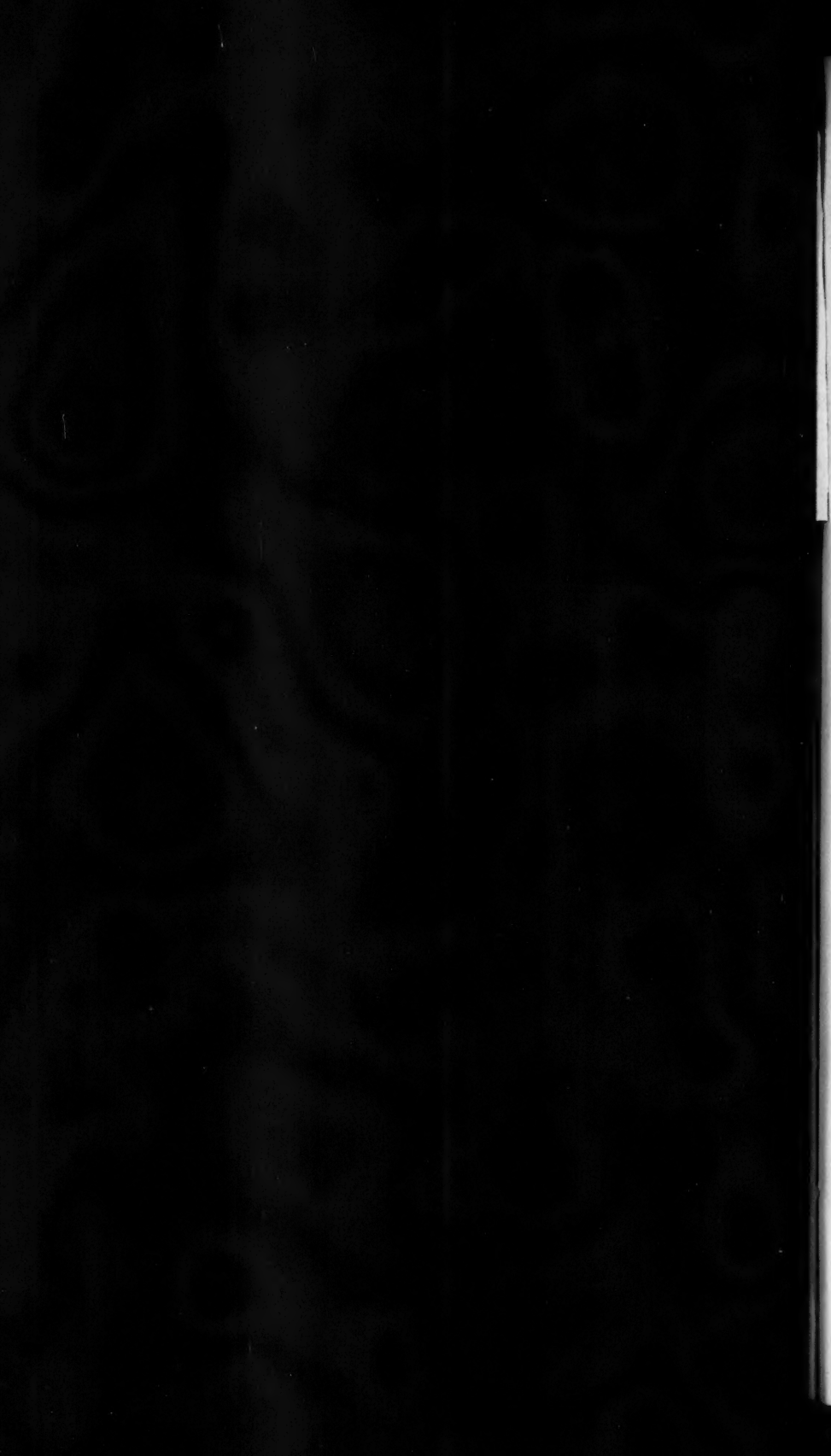
The present number of the Monthly will be sent to all subscribers as usual. Those who do not wish to continue the Work (which we hope may be few, if any), will please return the number to the Publisher before the first of February, otherwise they will be considered subscribers for the present year.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL

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No. 1.

METHODS OF INFLUENCE.

A SERMON, BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D.D.

MATT. xviii. 7. — "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

1 KINGS xxii. 52. — "And Ahaziah did evil in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the way of his father, and in the way of his mother, and in the way of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin."

THE second text I shall have occasion to refer to, as an illustration of the subject suggested by the first; namely, the conditions and methods of a Christian influence.

Were there no other reason for considering the subject, we should find a sufficient one in the prominence given to it by our Saviour. The world has always held men accountable for any invasion of the rights of property and life; Christianity holds men accountable for the influence which they exert on the minds and characters of others. It clothes the duty of exerting a good moral influence with the most solemn sanctions, as one of the first duties of man. Offences may come; but woe unto him who leads others into sin; while he who converteth a sinner from his evil ways shall save his soul alive. In scarcely any single thing has Christianity done more to advance the welfare of mankind than by enlarging and enlightening the sense of duty in regard to this matter of moral influence. And, when we consider our relations as members of families and communities and states, our relations to friends and companions, to associates in business or pleasure, the influence of the opinions we propagate, and the

institutions we help to uphold, it will at once appear that the subject is of no secondary importance.

In general, the primary and essential condition of exerting a Christian influence is the possession of an habitually Christian temper and purpose. But the Christian purpose will, according to circumstances, be manifested through different methods. And it is to several of these methods, rather than to the kind of influence, or to the duty of exerting it, that I would now lead your thoughts.

I. The first, simplest, most direct method of moral influence is through counsel, advice, warning, reproof. Consider how much of this there is, and it will be obvious that it is of no slight moment to have just ideas respecting the mode of administering it. We may say that a man ought to listen to truth, no matter in what form it comes; and perhaps he ought. But I speak now of him who exerts the influence. As a matter of fact, you may clothe truth in such a garb, and surround it with such a companionship, that it will gain no admission into any mind. It will be repelled, however, not because it is truth, but because of the offensive accompaniments with which you insist it shall be blended.

If your advice or reproof be prompted merely by the love of meddling with and managing the affairs or conduct of others; if it is seen that you care less about their good than about their submission to your judgment; if, in short, the rebuking of others is simply a kind of self-glorification, — you may take for granted that your influence will be productive of little good. If your rebuke is prompted by an overbearing spirit, which requires a tacit acknowledgment of your right to dictate, which is not satisfied till the victim of your advice is made to feel how miserable and ignorant and wrong he is, and how helpless but for your aid; if you exaggerate his faults, and cannot sympathize with his feelings and circumstances, — little good will come of it. Even the patience of Job could not bear the self-complacent, self-satisfied reproofs of his friends, who treated him as if he were accountable to them rather than to God. Though they said many good words, unable to bear their assumptions, he exclaims, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

A great deal of wholesome truth is spoken in anger, or in an impatient and irritated mood. It may be so to children, or among

the members of a family, or to friends; but I suppose few of us can remember ever having derived benefit from reproof so uttered. Instead of receiving the truth, you are put on your defence to repel and protect yourself against the anger. To speak in this way is to make the truth you utter as hateful as the temper in which it is uttered. Such arrows of reproof leave poisoned barbs behind. If you wish advice or warning to produce good, it must be given in a thoroughly kind and friendly spirit; not to oppress and subdue, still less to sting and wound and mortify, but to help. It is better that it should be done, if it may be, impersonally, so that one may yield to the truth, rather than to you; and be done at those favorable times when the mind and heart are open to friendly suggestions.

These remarks apply as much to public as to private methods; to the reformers of society, not less than to the members of a home. An arrogant, dictatorial, denunciatory tone arouses worse passions than it would correct. It is singular how a few phrases of our Saviour have been torn from their connection, and from the spirit of love which modified their meaning, and converted into an authority for wrathful and denunciatory modes of address. We forget the difference between us and him; that he knew what was in man, as we do not; and that he had an authority which we do not possess over one another.

II. Another mode of exerting influence is through opinions. The general way of thinking that prevails in a community determines its customs and its principles. Every individual contributes his part to that general sentiment. Every one does something to raise or depress the moral standards by which the conduct of men is measured in the different departments of life and human activity. A man who speaks of virtues and vices as if they were indifferent, who makes success the standard of merit, or, still more, gives currency to opinions which loosen the foundations of morals or religion, is a source of mischief and moral evil in the world.

In regard to opinions, two things seem to be required. First, that, so far as one can, on subjects relating to moral conduct, he shall have opinions. There are things that are right, and those that are wrong; and in respect to which, practically, we cannot help standing on one side or the other. It is incumbent on us, as far as we can, to have a moral judgment. In regard to those

moral questions which all the time are coming up, what do we think? Where do we stand? If society is to be benefited, it will not be by those who regard these questions as indifferent, whose opinions are formed by accident, and who are on one side or another as convenience or interest prompts; but by men who not only think, but mean to think rightly. To take the subject which lies at the foundation, — the subject of religion. What are our relations to God? How far are we bound to obey his law? Is the religious life essential to man's welfare? Is Christianity something which should control us, or not? What I say is, that, on subjects of such moment, men should endeavor to have settled convictions; for, without them, their influence in promoting a religious spirit will, at the best, be negative, and probably it will be worse.

And, having formed opinions, it becomes us, in our place and sphere, and in appropriate ways, to diffuse and maintain them. I do not mean to say that we are to become active propagandists of all the opinions that we may chance to hold. Far from it: this is but one duty among many others, and commonly a secondary one. In the equal intercourse of life, I am to respect my neighbor's judgment, and to remember that his convictions have an equal authority with my own. In ordinary cases, the man who insists that all others shall think as he thinks, who considers a refusal to acquiesce in his opinion as a personal affront, and demands that all other men shall render an account to him, mistakes the relation of mind to mind. But this much is required of us, that we shall personally be faithful to our own convictions; that, though we may not attempt to proselyte or overbear others, our convictions shall appear clearly and unambiguously; that, in our lives and conversation, we shall be true to ourselves; that, while we respect others, we also shall be faithful to our own minds and consciences. There may be, and are, cases where more is to be done; but, in ordinary life, the great thing is fidelity to one's own convictions in his personal conduct and conversation. He need not try to propagate them, — he need not interfere with others; only, when he has occasion to exhibit them, let them appear as they are, simply and naturally; let them stand for what they are worth. Only be true to yourself; and, by this honest fidelity, without any attempt to mould or control the minds of others, you will exert the best moral influence in your power.

Your fidelity will do more than your arguments to commend your opinions to others; and, if not your opinions, what is infinitely better, it will commend your fidelity.

It would probably surprise most of us, were we made fully conscious of how many moral and social questions there are connected with our every-day life, respecting which we have no definite, and certainly no well-considered opinions. We have never really considered what course is right, and what course is wrong. Having no moral convictions, we are, in respect to those subjects, mere ciphers; we follow the general custom, good or bad; and, on those points, the world will never be benefited by us, while it will be well if it is not harmed. He who is to exert a good influence must have definite convictions respecting the right and wrong of different courses, and must abide by them in his practice.

III. The third mode of exerting influence is through good institutions. One advantage of them is that they are impersonal; and thus a man, whose personal defects prevent his saying much to promote an end which he nevertheless has at heart, may do it through an institution, whose merits are not so dependent on his character. There is, among many, a tendency to underrate the value and the power of institutions for moral ends. The theory of individualism is sometimes run out into singular absurdities. Doubtless institutions must originate with men; but, through them, we perpetuate what has been gained; and, in any break or interregnum, when men fail, for a time institutions take their place, and rear up a better generation. Like an ark, they bear down over the flood the moral treasures of one age to another. Next to the few great minds, which, in different departments, have given an impulse to human progress, the great influence, both for good and evil, on society, has been exerted through institutions. The text takes us to an example. After the death of Solomon, his kingdom was divided, ten tribes choosing Jeroboam for king. In his unstable position, that from which he had most to fear was the fact that the temple of Hebrew worship was in the kingdom of his rival, Rehoboam. To that the priests and Levites looked as the place of worship; and all the traditions of the past taught the Hebrew race to associate their nationality with Jerusalem. The first object with Jeroboam was to break these religious and national ties; and he accomplished it, not

through edicts and wars, but through *new institutions*, which should take the place of the old. He established an idol-worship, and built two temples; one at Dan, on the north, and one at Bethel, on the south of his kingdom. Practically driving out the priests of Jehovah, he selected a body of priests drawn from the great mass of the people. He established new and different festivals, changed the times and seasons that were to be observed, and proclaimed to his subjects, "Behold, O Israel, the gods which have brought you out of the land of Egypt!" And such was the power of these institutions, that, from his reign to the dispersion of the ten tribes, a period of nearly two hundred and fifty years, notwithstanding the prophets that sprang up, and notwithstanding isolated attempts to bring about a reform, every king of the ten tribes, and the great body of the people, steadily adhered to the idolatrous worship. On the contrary, in the kingdom of Judea, notwithstanding the tendency of a semi-barbarous people to idolatry, the worship of Jehovah was maintained, so as even to survive the captivity of Babylon. In both cases, we see the power of institutions. The Mosaic institutions have given a peculiar character to the Jewish race down to our own day. In Christian history, creeds and forms of church government have shaped the religious thought of Christendom. And, to view the subject more generally still, the various institutions of religion, of benevolence, of education, and of government, if first formed by men, have for years and ages after given direction to the fortunes of humanity. Many have been bad, but many have been good; and, when they are good, there is no way in which we do so much for society as by sustaining them.

If one wishes, then, to exert a good influence, it seems reasonable for him to say something like this, — "In the community where I live, among other institutions of a questionable character, there are some which I am satisfied are, on the whole, good both in their nature and tendency. By sustaining them, I probably do more for the welfare of society, so far as their special objects are concerned, than by any independent action of my own. It belongs to me, therefore, to give to them my support; to give it heartily, and with no grudging hand." Take the same example referred to before, — the institutions of religion: "I believe that their maintenance is identified with the best interests of society. If they were all broken down; if churches were turned into ware-

houses, and the methods for the religious culture of the young swept away, and all that charitable action, which, directly or indirectly, has its origin in our Christian organizations, abolished, — it would be easier for us to deplore than to measure the evil. But they are sustained only by the support and co-operation of individuals, — of individuals, of whom one is no more bound to give his support than another. If all were indifferent, the institutions would fall to the ground; and one has as much right as another to be indifferent. As one, therefore, desirous of promoting the welfare of society, it becomes me to do my part towards giving these institutions efficiency. I have no right to reap the advantage, and to throw on others the burden." And what is true of one good institution is true of all. He who wishes to exert a good influence must heartily aid in sustaining the good institutions of the community in which he lives. It may seem very independent for a man to say, "I do not need these institutions; let those who feel the want of them provide them." But it is not independent, it is only selfish and unchristian. Institutions must always be chiefly sustained by those who receive the least direct benefit from them. The poor and the sick cannot build hospitals; friendless orphans cannot rear asylums; the young cannot provide the means of education; the destitute and the unthinking cannot be the chief sustainers of religious organizations. And so of all institutions: they are to be sustained, not merely because you personally derive advantage from them, but because through them you are permitted to be of some service to your fellow-men.

IV. But these, after all, except in a few extraordinary cases, are but the secondary means of exerting a right influence. The great, the true, and the best, is through the personal life. We are not called upon to be forward in becoming the reprovers of our brethren. This is an office which we are apt to assume with too much, rather than too little, readiness. And, in general, no man is more powerless for good than he who is most loud and perpetual in rebuke and denunciation. We, none of us, are competent to take this superior place, and to say, "Give heed to me; for thou art sinful, and I am holy." And he who takes it, and employs himself in being the censor of others rather than himself, is apt to be smitten with moral inefficiency.

The best influence is that which comes out noiselessly through

the general character. And you need not be concerned, that, in this way, you will not, in all ordinary cases, exert all the influence which legitimately belongs to you. It does not need many words. It is in the order of Providence that the character shall disclose itself. It comes out in a thousand unknown ways. It is scarcely possible to conceal it. In his case even, who thought that he walked in darkness, though his particular actions are unknown, all around, with a kind of fatal certainty, speedily know the general moral level on which he stands. If his words of reproof or advice are repudiated by his character, if he is vehement in judging others and lax in judging himself, if he requires of the world virtues from which he considers himself absolved, his words may be those of an apostle, but they will be interpreted by his life, and their inconsistency with his life will defeat them all. You promote peace in the community, not by declaiming against strife in an angry tone, but by being a peaceable, friendly, and kind-judging man yourself. You promote uprightness by acting uprightly. If you are really selfish in your own conduct, you will be able by no words or contrivances of yours to make other men benevolent. You promote a Christian faith and practice around you by being a Christian. It is not what you say nor what you do, but what you are, which is of consequence. It is surprising, this simple power of a true, consistent character. Place, in the most corrupt community, one man of a real Christian integrity, and, though he never utters one word of rebuke, his presence will be felt by all around him. His presence will judge the guilty, and fortify the infirm purposes of the well-disposed. Oftentimes, the less he says, the better. He does most in simply maintaining his Christian integrity. In doing that, he is the visible and present proof that such integrity is possible; that it is something real, and above all things to be honored and valued. Others are measured by him; while his life is the rebuke of the corruption around him, without the personality and offensiveness of rebuke. One man of Christian benevolence in a community, who, in his modesty, hardly suffers his left hand to know what his right hand is doing, whose course is as noiseless and unpretending as a stream through the meadow which it fertilizes, by *being* benevolent, awakens, as no words could do, a like benevolence in the hearts of others. The Christian mother, who, in her timidity and self-distrust, hardly ventures to utter to

her children the feelings deepest in her own heart, still, by being a Christian, transfuses into her children's hearts, insensibly, these very feelings. When she is in her grave, and her children are men, they look back with a sacred and affectionate awe, and remember how they found her, unawares, reading the word of God, or imploring his protection for those whom she loved; and all the eloquence in the world is idle noise, a mere ringing of the bells in the air, compared with that memory of a piety as real and habitual as it was noiseless. It is not what men say, but the knowledge of what the man is, that inspires us. The knowledge that there is, in another land across the seas, a *good* man, devoted to some good end, awakens, arouses, and inspires *you*. The best part of biography is that of men, who, without sitting in judgment on others, devoted themselves to a righteous and holy purpose. And it is singular how, even in the case of such men, if they become somewhat famous, and, in that way, lose their simplicity of purpose, there is almost invariably a diminution of moral power. The first condition, then, of exerting a right influence is to be yourself what you would be glad to have others be. Simply *be*, and you need not concern yourself about your influence. It will be the greatest and purest when you think least of it. You will not have to concern yourself about your example; for the example, which is alone of any worth, resides in the very fact that you are, in simplicity and sincerity, that which you would have others be. The make-believe example, which would lead others in a way in which you do not go yourself, will never be followed. Even then, the example which will have influence is the real one, and that is one of insincerity and unfaithfulness. The only example of any worth is not that of show and form, but of personal fidelity to Christian principle.

Do I mistake in supposing this subject an important one? Is not the tendency with us to these superficial, external, and really powerless means of influence? The press groans with books of moral advice and with innumerable sheets to set the world right on this and that subject of reform. The air is fevered with heated declamation. We undertake to control all minds and consciences but our own. It would be too much to say that no good comes from this, but certainly less comes of it than we are in the habit of anticipating. But grant the importance of these methods in their place, we must acknowledge that there is good reason for our

giving heed to that simpler and truer method to which all these must be subordinate. A man's moral influence will never be better than the man himself. The ten men that save a city are the ten righteous men. If you wish your children to revere God and follow Christ, you must do so yourself. If you wish them to be sincere and just and devout, you must be so yourself. If you wish any virtue to be promoted or reform to be adopted in the community, you must promote and adopt it in your own character. You may write volumes, you may exhort and rebuke, you may exhaust your life in labors, and give your body to be burned, and all may result in nothing, and will result in nothing, if these labors and sacrifices have not been prompted by convictions to which you were personally faithful. But be yourself a Christian man; live in Christian righteousness with other men, and in piety before God; be this, and your life cannot be in vain.

There is no more serious question than this, — What is the kind of influence that we are exerting? — not through one or two prominent and conspicuous courses of action, but the general influence exerted by our common temper, habits, and lives. Offences must come, but woe unto him by whom they come. As we look back, can we say that our conversation and conduct and principles have been such as to encourage others to be faithful to duty? In that sphere in which we have moved, has our influence been of a kind to promote reverence for God, or Christian faith and feeling, or kindness, justice, and benevolence among men? — not what we have now and then said, but what has been the general tendency of our conduct and character. Do those around us think more kindly of one another? Have the young learned more respect for Christian uprightness? Have the poor, neglected, and forsaken, been better cared for? Has that Christian truth, through which Christ would sanctify the world, been held in more respect, because of our fidelity? or, through our selfishness and unfaithfulness, has our influence been of a kind to lower the tone of Christian principle, to furnish excuses for bad principles and wrong conduct, and thus to make the way of offence smooth and easy? They are simple, but they are very serious questions. We have but one life to live here, and its years glide swiftly by; and when it comes to the end, what is the account that we are to render? Woe unto him who on his death-bed must look back, and remember that his ungoverned passions have lighted up the bad passions of

others ; that his worldliness has made others worldly ; or that, for any pleasure of his own, he has led others into sin. When we stand before that tribunal before which we must all stand, and, in the consciousness of our sins and short-comings, dare not answer for ourselves, most blessed then will be our lot, if there shall appear those who can answer for us ; most blessed, if some wretched one shall say, " We were comforted by your kindness ;" and if some tempted one shall say, " In our temptation we were encouraged to be faithful by witnessing your fidelity ;" or some happy spirit shall say, " Your Christian uprightness encouraged us to enter on that strait and narrow way which leadeth unto life." Whether, for the few years that we live here, we are to have, or not to have, the praise of men, or to win those prizes which death will wrench from our hold, is a small matter. At the last day, of infinitely more moment than what we have received, will be what we have done for others. And may God give us grace so to live, that, however humble our sphere, it may then appear that our lives added to the amount of good in the world ; that not in words only, but in truth, we have been servants of God, and, however far off and with however halting steps, the followers of his Son.

SEEING JESUS.

NOTHING is more common or natural than the desire to see any person of whom we have heard much. Whatever in the character or conduct of an individual attracts our regard, or enlists our sympathies, begets in us also a strong desire to see him. Men will undergo any amount of inconvenience or fatigue, merely to get a glimpse at the person of one whose word or deed has in some way taken hold of their feelings or their fancy. No description will answer. They demand the satisfaction of sight.

It was not strange, therefore, that, all his life through, so many persons of all classes, and from all nations, should have taken such pains to see Jesus ; and it is one of the striking incidents connected with the last days of his life, that certain Greeks came to Philip, saying, " Sir, we would see Jesus."

Some thirty years before this event, the silence of the night had been broken, and the wakeful shepherds in Judea startled, by a voice speaking from the heavens. It announced the birth of the expected Messiah in the little city of Bethlehem, that lay sleeping in the starlight just beneath them, unconscious of the honor to which it was suddenly risen; and while the voice yet spake, and their hearts yet wondered, and the city's sleep was still unbroken, calmly on the listening ear of the night there fell a sweet and solemn strain, as from the lips of the whole angelic choir. It was the birth of the new era in the history of man. The night of ignorance and error was to pass away; the day of knowledge and of truth drew near. Heaven and earth henceforth were to be united in a closer sympathy; and it was meet that the angel tones, that never reach the dimmed ear of man, should then speak out the joy that there was in heaven, and foreshadow the mission of the new-born babe, — to establish the glory of God, and peace, good-will among men.

The song was over, and the angels gone. Silence was again in heaven and on earth. The stars looked down as silently, and the city still slept. There was no outward sign or change to show what had been; but the marvel had sunk into the hearts of those simple hearers, and they were changed. They could not stay; they must go and see; and, leaving their flocks, they enter the city, and in the manger of the inn, as it had been told them, they find the young child and his mother. To them, humble as they were, first came the annunciation of the Redeemer's birth; they first looked upon the Son of God; they were the first to give to men the glad tidings of great joy. While Mary kept these things, and pondered them in her heart, they spread them far and wide, and returned to their duties glorifying and praising God. Had all to whom the knowledge of that night's marvel has since come, been faithful as they, we were this hour ready to render back, with the anthem of a completed work, the kingdom for which God waits.

Nor were these all who, having heard of Jesus, desired to see him. We may imagine the excitement among the inhabitants and the strangers in that then crowded town, when the occurrences of the night began the next morning to be whispered about; how the young mother who could find no place in the inn, in the hour of her need, became the sudden object of re-

spectful attention; how the stable filled with earnest and wondering people; how they bent before the manger as before a shrine, and gazed upon the young Jesus as the centre and soul of their hope; how they turned away, as the shepherds before them, glorifying God. And when those grey-haired idolaters came in, reverend for years and for wisdom, and bowed themselves, and laid down their costly offerings at the feet of the young child, it would seem as if a conviction imperishable as the soul must have sprung up to feed the ardor of their faith, to add new longing for the day when he should redeem and console Israel.

As Jesus grew up, and the renown of his great works and good deeds spread, everywhere we find a desire to see him. Simeon is ready to die, now that his eyes have beheld the salvation of the Lord; Zaccheus, the publican, outruns the crowd, and climbs into a tree that he may see him. The eager multitudes throng that they may satisfy themselves as to the existence of this far-famed man. Skeptic and believer, Jew and Samaritan and Syrophenician, come to look upon him. The holy festivals are attended by unusual numbers, and the overflowing city fears lest he should not come to the feast; and when at last he comes, and the whole vast assemblage is convulsed with the marvels of those last days, when every ear must have heard, and the most stubborn heart have been convinced, the believing Greeks, who might have seen the triumphal procession, yet might not enter the Temple, come to a disciple, timidly saying, "Sir, *we* would see Jesus."

It is worthy a passing thought, this exaltation of the sense of sight above all other of the bodily functions. Whatever testimony the other senses bring us, we are not completely satisfied till we have added the witness of the eye. We have exalted it into a sort of infallibility. We look to it to verify or falsify our own deductions, or the assertions of others. We give it a certain supremacy over the intellect even: where the eye contradicts the mind, the mind must submit. "I will believe my own eyes," we constantly say. If we would convince, as did the disciple to the hesitating Nathaniel, we say, "Come and *see*;" and how often does our own halting faith declare, "If I could only have looked on Jesus, have seen what Mary saw as she sat at his feet, or the Jews when he raised up Lazarus, or the disciples when he left his peace with them; if I only had one such memory to dwell for

ever and undimmed within me, there were an end to this imperfect virtue; I, too, could live and die for Jesus"! The same feeling is evident in the craving we all have to procure some picture or statue which shall represent to us the corporeal form of Jesus. In the host of heads we find everywhere, wreathed with the halo of glory or the crown of thorns, in the representations of the manger and the cross, in coarsest daubs or the highest walks of genius, we see the attempt made to satisfy this want; while the failure of art, which never fails in other delineations to satisfy our ideal, should teach us that to see Jesus, as the eye sees, is not a leading spiritual want. For what does the eye do? what is the extent of the impression it can convey? how large is its part in the production of an effect? Is it not something deeper down which gives character to the perceptions? Is not the eye simply one of the avenues leading to the soul? and may not the soul be reached as surely, and a truth graven as deeply, without the aid of external vision? Is it not true that the beauty is not in the *landscape* which the eye sees, but in the *spirit* in which man sees it? Is it not also true, that the power of a truth over us is not in the sight of it, but the impression that it makes upon the inward man? Does not the power of the Christ over men lie in faith, not in sight? The shepherds went to Bethlehem, and they gazed upon a helpless babe, and their hearts were filled with joy and hope. They had seen the promised one, and yet they saw not Christ. Their vision was of arms and shouts and blood and victories, of flying enemies, and a reanimated kingdom. They saw not Christ, — the gentle and the meek, the enduring and the forgiving, the deserted and the crucified. The magi, and the crowds upon the mountain, by the seaside, on the triumphal march to Jerusalem, those who stood in the gloom of the judgment-hall, or amid all the struggle and portent and woe of Calvary, saw not Christ. Nor even they for whose confidential communion was reserved the deepest truths, the mysteries of the kingdom of God, — the disciples, — saw not Christ; else they had never left him, or betrayed, or denied, or doubted. They saw the form, they beheld the act, they witnessed the end, and the look and the deed and the tear wrought mightily for the time; but they saw not the deep and holy spirit working under these, and which made the man, which were Christ. The eye, though it might satisfy them as to the Messiah, failed to penetrate into the character of

the Messiah; and save, perchance, some dim glimmering in the heart of Simeon as he blessed him, and Mary as she wiped his feet with her hair, and John as he leaned upon his bosom, there was no true vision of the Christ until he had passed away; until the hearts of his followers, penetrated by the Pentecostal revelation, entered into the majesty of his character and the purport of his mission.

There is one power, then, better than sight; one truer witness, a revealer of deeper things. Jesus himself said, in answer to the tardy acknowledgment of Thomas, — "Because thou hast *seen* me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that *have not seen*, and yet have believed." The eye is a corporeal attribute of but small scope, fitted for external uses only. Faith in Jesus requires a deeper vision than that of a wounded side, or feet, or hands. Had it been necessary to our salvation, this wounded body of the Master had been endowed with perennial vigor, and had come to every eye of man, repeating the words to Thomas, — "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."

It is with the eye of the soul that man sees Jesus; a power not necessarily connected with, that often acts wholly independent of, the body. The truths of Jesus are spiritual. They have spiritual springs and spiritual issues. The life of Jesus is spiritual; not mainly that which was passed under the eye of friend and foe in Judea, but that inner life which neither friend nor foe had the power to comprehend; with which they had no sympathy, which therefore they could not understand. To *see* Jesus is to see that inner life of his, to mark the workings of his spirit, to know how the truth wrought upon him. To *see* Jesus, we need to get the stature and the mien, — the living image of the moral man. The lineaments that we need to trace are not the perishable traits of form and feature, but the imperishable ones of purity and love; not the man, the body; but the man, the soul. We want a vision as much deeper than that of the eye, as the vision of the archangel transcends the vision of the man.

This power of vision is ours; a dearer and holier privilege than that which prophets and kings desired; a dearer and holier privilege than that which the disciples had. It is a very imperfect faith that still allows a very natural curiosity about the person of Jesus to overshadow the sense of its greater blessing.

The prejudice, the passion, the darkness, that shrouded the true character of Jesus while he was on the earth, and prevented men from detecting the true character and dignity of his life, — all these have passed away. What was dark has been illumined; what was mysterious has been explained. It is our blessed privilege to see clearly who and what he is, and our solemn duty to profit by the sight.

What hinders? Why do we still say we would see Jesus? Where lies the difficulty? In the obstinacy of the will, in the blindness of the heart. As to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, Jesus draws near to us, walks by our side until the night, expounding out of the Scripture; yet are our eyes holden, and we see him not. Jesus is here; the world has not lost him; he is not merely a memory or a hope; but a present, living, acting, abiding influence, with us always. Let us but say, "I will that I receive my sight," and the finger of faith shall touch our eyes, and these scales shall fall off, and we shall see a spirit moving about in the hearts and among the affairs of men, guiding and controlling, and putting a new order and introducing a new beauty into the duties and the discipline of life. Let the healing spirit draw nigh thee, thou blind of heart, whosoever thou art. Let it touch thy disease, and thou shalt see; it may be at first but dimly, as one once saw men as trees walking. Ere long, thy vision shall be perfect, and thou shalt *see* the desired Christ; — see him on his mission of charity and love; on his knees by night, at his work by day; caressed this hour, crucified the next; deserted of man, upheld by God; — see him, as his spirit has labored since, to the breaking down of many partition-walls, the snapping of many chains, the redeeming of many souls, the beautifying of many lives; — see him, as that spirit labors now, *in the world*, speaking words of charity and love, making the highway and the hedge to blossom and be glad, blotting out the entailed curses of power and lust, and establishing a more heavenly rule and a purer wisdom; — *in the heart*, speaking the encouraging word to despair; breathing confidence upon distrust, hope to the oppressed and broken-hearted, comfort to them that mourn, to the chafed and wounded and raging spirit, those words of holy soothing, "Peace, be still;" to them that watch and wait and pray, pointing to the glimmering promise of a new day, placing upon their hearts the garland of immortal hope. Thou seest these? and is it not a

goodlier sight, has it not a nobler prophecy, than that life which they of Judea looked upon eighteen centuries by-gone? Dost thou still say, "Sir, we would *see* Jesus"? Open thy heart to him, and, in the established life of virtue, and the full-grown power of holiness and love, in the peace and progress of the present, the promise and hope of the future, thou wilt own the presence of Jesus. Thy prayer for sight will have found an answer.

This one only thing is wanting, the opening of the eye of the spirit. The world of spirit, the region in which Jesus dwells, lies all about us, created, beautiful, completed, just as the outward world in which we dwell lies beautiful and complete about the blind man. One thing only is needed, to open the eye. A revelation is before us to which no imagery will do justice. The power, the purity, the love, the faith, of Jesus are as complete to-day as ever they can be. Time can add no graces to his being. All that makes us fail to realize this completeness is a want of sight. If we would open our eyes, rub the last frail film from them, if we *would* see, before what a presence should we stand, of what perfectness should we become aware, how vast would duty seem, how majestic truth, how sublime faith, and to what new conceptions of God would they lead! I have heard one man say of another, "He always makes me feel as if he had once seen God, and had never forgotten it!" Suppose we should once *see* Christ, who labored, was crucified, — who lives, who redeems, as the heart may see him, should we ever forget it; and would not the whole tenor of our beings, and the every utterance of our lips, bear witness to it?

It is a holy festival, that which the Christian church has just kept, one which the Christian heart should prize more and more. And it is pleasant to see that the people are coming to regard this birth-day of the Redeemer as one of their holy days. Surely there can go no so quickening power out of any occasion as out of this. It is the great day in the Christian year. We should have a Christian commemoration in our churches and our hearts; putting a fresh life into our faith, and a new vigor to our resolves; preparing us for that vision, which, better than that of the eye, is the reward of faith. We may not bend in wondering awe, or with costly gift before the Messiah's cradle; we may not follow his weary steps, or watch his look, or hang upon his

lip, or minister to his necessity. In the flesh, we shall not see Jesus. But we may see him as he is; see that which is best worth the seeing, — the ripe fruits of the spirit of his life. We need only open our eyes, and he stands before us; we need only open our hearts, and we shall walk in his steps, weary and way-sore often, but they shall lead us, not to the terror of Calvary, but to the kingdom of our God. Then shall there be a new birth to celebrate, — the advent of Christ *into the soul*, the true *spirit-birth*; and it shall not be, it cannot be, with outward rite and symphony and chant, but in the still, silent, unseen, inaudible consecration of the spirit to God, by a service in the temple that is within us, at which only can be present ourself and Jesus and God, whose solemnity and whose issues no man may know. From that birth and that consecrating service, we shall go out into the world, and its people, as they at the Temple-gate who waited the coming of the aged Zacharias, shall perceive that we have had a vision of Jesus, and life shall bear witness to it; for, once seen, he will be always known; once recognized, he will be always followed.

J. F. W. W.

THE JEWS AND THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

OH the lasting efficacy of that commandment on a nation's life! It is wonderful, and more so than has ever been noticed perhaps.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And how long the days of the Jews were in Palestine, considering how small a people they were, and what powerful enemies were always about them! But I am not now about to speak of the influence of this commandment upon the Israelites, while it was law in Judea, in the time of the Judges, and during the reign of the Kings; and while Isaiah prophesied, and Malachi rebuked. But since Judea was emptied of its inhabitants, since Jerusalem was burned and razed, since the worship of the temple has ceased, since the Jews were scattered among the heathen, — these eighteen hundred years, think what they have been! Dwellers in Athens and Corinth and Ephesus and Alexandria, — themselves they live

on, while the marble cities are ruins now. Subjects of Rome, "eternal city," — they have survived their mistress for more than a thousand years. The Roman empire, — everywhere on its wide surface, they were outcasts and marks for the finger of scorn: but that empire has vanished from beneath their feet; while themselves they still walk over wider regions than what was the empire of ancient Rome.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" That cry has been unheard these many centuries; but still it is repeated among the Jews, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord." It is more than fifteen hundred years since fell in the Capitol at Rome the statue of Jupiter, Greatest, Best; his worshippers silenced, mute; careless. But still, the wide world over, the Jews turn to one another, and ask, "Who is a God like unto our God?" "Hymen, O Hymenæe!" In street and temple, from garlanded worshipper, or robed priest, or devotee frantic with wine and lust — "Hymen, O Hymenæe!" how long that cry has been silent! Oh, the years, the ages! But with an earnestness, fresh as what was felt at the steps of the altar, still the Jews join together to say, "O God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob!" Age after age, the world was swept by invading armies of Goths; and with their presence, old institutions decayed, and high-walled cities crumbled to the ground: and before the traces of the Goths had quite vanished in Christendom, the Musulmen rushed in, and overran one half of it, slaying and converting. But amidst changing kingdoms, and decaying cities, and desecrated cathedrals, the one only thing which never changed was the Jew with his "book of the law."

Through twelve or fifteen centuries, and in every country, oh the rage against the Jews, which never ceased; the persecution, which never wearied of their blood; the countless wrongs, the ceaseless cruelties, which they endured, — wrongs and cruelties which are not yet over quite! And oh, through it all, how they still last on "a peculiar people," — dwellers everywhere, and everywhere a distinct population, — Jews!

In almost every country of the world, here a few, and there a few; so the Jews have been for nearly two thousand years. And so they have kept themselves — the weakest of all weak things, in appearance, but really the strongest of the strong; kings and peoples and armies and revolutions, and even time, all impotent

against them. And why has this been? It has been the effect on them of the fifth commandment and the promise; an effect as marked upon them in exile as once in Palestine, — "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

That attitude of reverence for the father, and the father's father, — how easily in it the man worships his father's God in his father's way! And holding one another reverentially by the hand, father and son, father and son, — so it was that the Jews lengthened out their existence as a people, while barbarous hosts swept the world, and while languages were being confounded, and age after age, while nations everywhere were fighting, and while themselves they were being persecuted from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom. Living examples, wonderful monuments, are they of the efficacy which there is in that one commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

W. M.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh! russet, red, and golden leaves!
All crowned with hazy light,
As soft as halo round the moon,
Of a mild autumn night.

So green through all the summer-heat,
Affording kindly shade;
And now, in their appointed time,
How gloriously they fade!

All veined and dappled, flecked and livid,
In magic tints most rare;
A dash of glowing sunshine here,
And drop of crimson there!

Shimmering in the smoky light
Of still October days,
Their gorgeous mantles, like a spell,
Entrance our willing gaze.

We linger now about the woods,
In love with open sky ;
And only wish such beauty could
Remain with us for aye.

But like Aurora, when she puts
Her flitting glory on,
We scarce can name their mystic hues,
Ere they are changed or gone.

Gently detached from every bough,
Borne by the faintest breeze,
Trembling, eddying, down they fall
Under the mournful trees.

We loved the leaves from first to last,
From spring-time until now ;
We bless them for the crown they put
Upon the Old Year's brow.

But most we bless them, year by year,
For the great truth they teach,
That points beyond this transient world,
And up to heaven doth reach.

Thrice blest are they for telling us,
When we resign our breath,
If faithful, we, like them, shall wear
A beauty won by Death !

S. F. C.

THE TRUE MERCANTILE CHARACTER.*

MR. PRESIDENT, and Gentlemen of the Christian Union, — Having accepted the invitation of your Committee to introduce the exercises of the present season, I was not a little perplexed in the selection of a subject. My embarrassment was in no way lessened by the reflection, that but a brief season was allowed me for preparation, while daily increasing duties in the pursuit of my calling made it difficult to control other than fragmentary intervals of time. But, in this very pressure of duty, was suggested a topic which I resolved to embrace; and I proceed to present a few thoughts on the prominent distinctions of a true mercantile character.

Nor can I conceive that this will be out of place, even in an introductory lecture, and before a Christian Union.

The tide of emigration, which swells the highway from the fields of agriculture in the quiet and lovely villages of New England to the mart of business in the thronged thoroughfares of her prospering cities, enhances the importance of a wholesome mercantile character, as respects its influence on the destinies of this growing republic, and indirectly on the future history of the world at large. Without unduly magnifying the calling of merchants, it must be conceded, that they do now exert, and will continue to exert, a greater amount of influence for good or evil than any other class. All history attests to the truth of this statement; and the successful prosecution of that great struggle for liberty, which made us free and independent citizens of a noble republic, need but be cited, to bring vividly before your minds the financial skill which sustained the rapidly sinking public credit, in the person of that eminent merchant, Robert Morris; while the youthful Hamilton, but just now emerged from the counting-room, entered the field, and fought valiantly for that confederacy of States, the foundation of whose credit he was to lay on a deep and broad basis, in the infant days of a republic's history.

And when this importance is conceded by one who holds an elevated position as a minister of the gospel in a large commercial

* An address, delivered at the opening of the members' course of lectures, in the Young Men's Christian Union.

city; * when he says, "In the United States, society must be virtually what the merchants are; it reflects their morality, and uses their axioms in working out its cases of conscience," — it seems fitting that we, a band of young men, united together in Christian union, should pause on the threshold of the incoming season of activity, and reflect that we are not only young men, but, by a large majority, active business men; called upon to elevate the mercantile character by the consistency of our lives, or depress that character by an unprincipled pursuit of mere gain. It becomes peculiarly appropriate, that even one of the humblest of your number should, without reserve, give forth the utterances of his own feeling, and provoke his associates and himself to become doers of good works.

While the merchant receives the highest consideration in the community, he should by no means shrink from nor evade that knowledge which is to render more permanent the superiority of his position. For to be a true merchant is no easy task. The merely successful pursuit of any calling does not thereby constitute a proper representative of that calling. The clergyman, who, by a winning eloquence and plausible discourse, attracts the admiration of a multitude, does not truly represent his calling, if, amidst that crowded auditory, a large number of hearts do not feel inclined to seek, with the most intense earnestness, for salvation through the Saviour of men. The physician who attempts the cure of a patient, without regard to the principles of that science which governs his profession, even though he may occasionally effect an apparent restoration to health, does not honor his calling. The lawyer, overlooking the science of jurisprudence, may succeed in gaining his cause, but cannot be said to reflect honor on his profession. The mechanic may erect a house; but, unless it conforms to architectural proportions and correct finish, he has no claim to be entitled a mechanic. So with the merchant: if he is not a good buyer, as well as salesman, equal as a financier to his qualifications as a bookkeeper, he can hardly be said to be a true merchant. He may succeed in amassing property, he may obtain for himself a reputation as a man of wealth; but yet, with all this, he is no merchant.

The true merchant must not only have an adaptation, but he

* Rev. H. A. Boardman, D.D.

must be educated, to perform the duties of his profession, and should embrace them, because he has a liking for them above the duties of any other calling. However assiduous he may be in either one department of mercantile life, unless he manifests a familiarity with the other branches of duty connected with the profession, he cannot be regarded as a proper representative of an occupation which enlists all the resources of the mind that a man can well command. The qualities of a buyer may be easily compressed into this single remark, "Goods well bought are already half sold." And yet this needs some qualification; for to buy well is to buy honestly. As buyer, then, he must be discreet, but frank. The very stamp of his countenance should be of that manly character which represents an honest heart. Fully advised on all those points so essential to a proper selection of goods, and at a price not above the present market-value, what occasion has he for duplicity? Why should he seek to underrate his neighbor's property, that he may gain an undue advantage in the trade which is to follow? The goods are well assorted, or they are not; they are cheap, or they are dear: if the former, they are adapted to his wants; if the latter, why should he desire them at all? Does he haggle, that he may go forth a vain boaster, claiming uncommon shrewdness in a bargain;—a shrewdness which, if carried but a little farther, would stamp its possessor with infamy and disgrace?

To no such mean arts does the *true* merchant stoop. Diligent he aims to be, sagacious he desires to prove himself; hoping that these qualities will bring that success that will make him independent in fortune, while a manly, consistent bearing shall sustain his character as a man and a citizen.

As a *salesman* he must be industrious, high-minded, sincere. He must have that industry that defies competition, and leaves no fair and honorable course untried to extend a business to the extreme limits which discretion dictates as safe. With the progress of society, frequent changes occur in the mode of transacting business. For these changes the ever-active mind of the merchant must be prepared, if he wishes to succeed. A strict devotion to business-duties will suffer no important changes to escape his notice; and, consequently, he is seen to grasp opportunities, and bend them to his own purposes. And here we witness again the great importance of a regular and systematic business-education. "Apprenticeship, in one form or other, is the resort of all who

want to accomplish any thing upon the earth. Each of the professions has its *curriculum*; the future ambassador apprentices patiently as an attaché; the embryo statesman binds himself to his leader, and *serves* his party; the soldier has his drill; and, in all the lines of art, a man must make up his mind to lay out a long time in learning, or else to be a blank and an abortion. Men enter the highway of life by ten thousand portals; but over each one of these is written the injunction, *Learn, learn, learn!* And he that attempts to go forward without having waited to learn, soon trips, and is lying in the way of others." *An adaptation does not prove a qualification.*

The salesman should also possess that high-mindedness which is essential to gain the confidence of those whom he would serve, and which scorns a petty transaction to shift a bad bargain or insure a debt.

But, above all, he needs that sincerity which spurns an improper use of the confidence of a customer to answer a base end. Sincerity is a virtue which cannot be too highly esteemed in any connection. By its practice, sympathizing hearts are knit together in the closest bonds of friendship, while the very foundations of society are shaken by every act of dissimulation. To a profession where a mutual confidence is to be awakened and secured, it is of the highest importance. Let but a purchaser once doubt the truth of a seller's statement, and from that day forth all confidence is gone. Suspicions once aroused are not soon lulled to sleep again; and for ever, after the insincere word has been uttered, the mutual positions of the parties interested are changed. Holding religious opinions, — for without these he is like the mariner without a compass, — he despises the bare *profession* of sincerity, as a cloak of hypocrisy to deceive the unwary.

The *true merchant* cherishes something beyond the mere desire to get gain, or to court the fame of a large business. He seeks to honor his profession. All his plans are conceived and carried out under enlarged and generous views. By a high-minded, honorable course of action, he seeks to devote his energies to the elevation of the mercantile character, and is anxious, not so much for his own pecuniary success, as for the good name which attaches to a life spent in an undeviating devotion to duty.

With this general view of the principles on which the mercantile character should be founded, let us briefly trace, in some

important particulars, the career of one who has embraced them as the ruling conduct of his life.

Enjoying the reputation of a young man of strict integrity and good business-qualifications, he enters into business, possibly, and indeed quite probably, with little or no pecuniary means. But his reputation, wrought out in a lower capacity, is to him of more value than thousands of dollars unsustained by a similar character. As time advances, his business naturally increases, and his facilities for prosecuting it successfully meet with a corresponding increase. Then comes his first formidable temptation. Then come to his ears faint whisperings, growing louder and stronger by encouragement, "*Expand, expand!*" With an unlimited credit, why should you be satisfied with slow accumulations, while the doors of the golden temple are open, and invite your entrance?"

Pausing but on the banks of this Rubicon, the young merchant has almost gained a victory. Reflection, sober and serious, will stay his steps; and, though the tempting billows roll heavily towards him, and threaten to submerge him, he stands unmoved. Not that he must resist all advance and expansion, for this will be equally disastrous. Advance he must and will, but with cautious steps.

If there is any one evil which threatens the peace and prosperity of this nation at the present time, it is the spirit of overtrading which is now so rife in our community. Not alone in the mercantile class do we witness its demoralizing effects: throughout society, extravagance is so apparent, that it needs no prophet's vision to predict the sad consequences. Undue extension of business brings with it extraordinary expenses, a luxurious style of living, reliance on bank accommodation (than which nothing can be more uncertain), mutual obligations entered into with business-acquaintances, exchange of notes, and various other expedients to carry a smooth exterior, which must, at some time, sooner or later, prove treacherous and destructive.

Adaptation, apprenticeship, and a moderate degree of sagacity, should guard against this evil; and, once fairly conquered by a stern and resolute resistance, all similar attacks are easily overcome. Let it be once clearly seen that no case of failure can occur, whether by reason of fraud or otherwise, but the foundations of all credit are shaken, and men would be disposed to

hesitate, before they adopted as a motto, "Nothing venture, nothing have." In case of misventure, the loss must fall most heavily, if not entirely, upon their creditors, rather than on themselves.

This temptation conquered, it becomes easier to trace the subsequent progress of the young merchant. Caution in the selection of customers, especially of those who desire a credit, will materially lessen the vexations of a business-life; but, with the utmost degree of circumspection, losses will occur. Then it is that the inner character of the merchant is called forth; and then is his wisdom or his folly plainly shown. To the investigation of the matter, he brings all the skill he can command; and, once satisfied of the expediency or justice of an immediate settlement of the affair, he spurns the idea of an advantage over his neighbor, and deems his honor of more value than even the preference of a large per centage of pecuniary gain. Neither will he, if the bankrupt appear to be honest, oppress the spirit already bowed down with sadness. When an intelligent observer* computes the chances of success in Boston so low, that, as he says, "after an extensive acquaintance with business-men, and having long been an attentive observer of the course of events in the mercantile community, I am satisfied, that, among one hundred merchants and traders, not more than three, in this city, ever acquire independence;" when, according to another authority,† in a period of forty years, but five in one hundred remained of the merchants on Long Wharf, all the rest, in that time, having failed or died destitute of property; and, in the same period of forty years, of the one thousand accounts at a bank in State-street, only six remained, the parties to all the rest having either failed, or died destitute of property, — the importance of a principle of generosity, in the settlement with insolvents made so through misfortune, becomes of the deepest interest.

All honor to that character which perceives, in a legal discharge from oppressive debts, only an opportunity to so retrieve his fortune as to be enabled to fulfil, to the uttermost farthing, his moral obligation to pay honest debts! Like the revolutionary hero, Lincoln, or the distinguished author of *Waverley*, even when reduced through the carelessness, or it may be the wickedness, of

* Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn.

† Farmer's Library.

others, let those that fail resolutely come forward, and, spurning the suggestions of "obligations discharged," nobly exert themselves to leave behind them an untarnished name.

Another characteristic to which I would direct your attention, as becoming a true merchant's character, is the exercise of a watchful care over those in his employ. The too common practice of considering the relation of master and man to cease on the closing of the shutters is of most pernicious tendency. Departing from his home by the green hill-side or in the fertile valley, a mother's prayers have called for blessings on the unprotected head of her darling boy; while an affectionate sister has clung to his neck, and plead with him to resist the fatal allurements which encompass a city life. Filled with a noble resolve, he enters upon the duties which claim his attention in a mercantile house. Assiduous to please, he earns the encouragement of his employers, and becomes useful and efficient. But one deficiency he feels. Night after night, he returns to his solitary room at the public boarding-house or hotel, and sighs for the endearments of that happy home which he has so recently left. To him no substitute is offered. Within the compass of the city's walls, no home is opened to him. Even in his employer's house, he is viewed as a stranger.

I have said that he retires to his solitary room; yet often but for a brief season; for sympathies he must have about him, and in that more public place, the sitting-rooms of his so-called home, he meets with all these, in a companionship of plausible exterior, but of a corrupt heart. What wonder that the voice of reproof falls on a benumbed ear; that scalding tears from a parent's eye fall on the sheet which bears traces of his employer's pen? That hurried visit to the city, that pallid cheek and those trembling steps, how do they speak of the change in that lovely cottage, hitherto the abode of happiness and sweet content! He, the idol of that affectionate circle, came forth a comely youth: he returns a loathsome, breathing corpse.

Would that this picture, sad as it is, was the worst phase of the awful reality! But no! a practice is fast entailing itself on the mercantile community, that should receive the scorching rebuke of every one hoping to merit the name of a true merchant. With the most profound grief do I speak of the growth of so pernicious an evil. But truth demands its utterance. I refer to

the practice of *drumming*, so termed. Young men are sent on nocturnal excursions which their employers would be ashamed to engage in themselves. At their expense, and by their direction, customers are guided through the highways and byways of the city, by these misdirected youth, from one scene of debauchery to another, as may be most congenial to the wishes or curiosity of the stranger. Could they but meet more frequently with a like touching rebuke to that experienced by two of their number, not long since, but a short time would elapse ere they would dare to stand up, in all the dignity of manhood, and decline most emphatically the vile employment. A man, somewhat advanced in years, having been engaged during the day in selecting his goods, retired at nightfall to his hotel for rest and reflection. Soon after supper, two young men entered. He received them cordially, and, after a brief conversation, an invitation to drink a glass of wine was extended to him. He was startled: the recollection of those years of inebriation; of his own sufferings, and the keener ones of wife and children; the firm resolve once taken, to be, with God's help, faithfully kept; his present position, as contrasted with his former disgrace, — these all thronged his mind, and he broke forth in all that eloquence which can alone be produced from a sad experience. Well might he exclaim, in that stirring language of the inebriate's daughter, —

"Tell me I hate the bowl!

Hate is a feeble word:

I loathe, abhor, — my very soul

By strong disgust is stirred,

Whene'er I see or hear or tell

Of the dark beverage of hell!"

The youths departed sadder, and, it may be hoped, wiser men.

Young men, is there one among you in a like situation? Are you thrown into a similar temptation? Adopt the language of the noble Delavan; and, as your steps tend towards the haunts of vice, *stop, stop short*, reflect, utter the decided "right about face," and turn your back upon the demoralizing influence. Think not that you have the strength to neutralize or overcome the deadly influences to which you are exposed.

I once had a friend. Officially representing each a body of young men in this and a neighboring city, our acquaintance soon

ripened into an almost fraternal regard. Frequently we corresponded, until, at length, his interest seemed to call him to a more southern latitude. Our last interview was beneath that hill on whose summit rest the waters of the Skuykill, gathered by the action of their own tide, to slake the thirst of the crowded city near at hand. That city was my friend's residence. There and then he spoke of this very evil influence to which I have referred; of the duties which he performed at the bidding of his employer. But he was conscious of strength, too soon, alas! to be betrayed in most abject weakness. The glittering tale seduced him to the shores of the Pacific, with an ample stock of goods, and the most flattering prospects. That ever-welcome signature has not, in a period of four years, reached me; but the sad tale has been told; and, on the ruins of his brilliant promise, I had almost said on his dishonored grave, I warn, I entreat you all, to resist the inoculation, from so disgraceful a custom, upon the mercantile character.

Say not that the merchant has nothing to do with reforms! He, of all others, is interested in their progress; and he it is that is to be benefited by their success. Not that, like Samuel Budgett, he is to fix his eye on a neighbor's apprentice, and urge his disgraceful expulsion from his employment, as he *might* prove to be dishonest; but, fearing his tendency in that direction, to expostulate with the young man himself, and pray that he may outgrow so sinful a propensity, — may not tarnish the lustre of a life of good deeds by so unchristian an act.

The merchant not interested in reforms! Can this be so, when I have seen one whose canvas whitens the pathway from the shores of the New to those of Old England acting the harlequin in the drawing-room of a fashionable summer-resort, in the presence of ladies and children! And, when the municipal authorities of a large and flourishing city set their hands against duly enacted laws, has he no interest in reforms which aim to sustain the majesty of law, bear where it may? When famine-struck Ireland pleads for bread, shall he withhold it? Shall he not do what he can to dispel the pestilential atmosphere which broods over our Southern seaboard? Most nobly does he respond to these claims; and he proves recreant to his trust, if he turns a deaf ear to the wailing at his own door.

While a watchful care is of the utmost importance, the true

merchant will duly appreciate the labors of those in his employ. While he remembers that seasons of rest and recreation are necessary to the continuance of physical health, he is no less attentive to the pecuniary reward for services cheerfully rendered, and to all his interests. The idea that a knowledge of one's business is a sufficient consideration for several years' apprenticeship is too absurd to claim more than a passing notice. The young man, however devoted he may be, needs more tangible encouragement than a simple promise of aid, when his freedom shall point out to him the necessity for exertion in his own behalf, to be followed too often, when that period arrives, by the parting farewell of "Philip, you have been a very good young man, we hope that you will do well," with perhaps a silver pencil-case to keep a memorandum of the profits accruing on their liberal aid. This by no means imaginary case reminds us, that the words of the apostle James may be sometimes applied at the present day; for, if this is not tantamount to "Be ye warmed and filled," without furnishing the means, it is difficult to understand the force of language.

Something akin to this injustice is that saving propensity, which fastens, with such unrelenting grasp, on those who bask in the sunshine of prosperity, taking hold more firmly as the necessity loses strength.

Despise that spirit which prompts to the annoying of a wholesale dealer, in the hope of saving a penny or two; or unites the prospering in clubs, to import from the mines of Pennsylvania fuel for a winter's consumption; would grind down the face of honest poverty, and deprive the poor seamstress of the scanty pittance which should furnish an apology for heat in her uncomfortable apartment, or spread upon her table the simplest form of a repast to invigorate her exhausted frame. It is beneath the mercantile character to tolerate such things; and a dollar must have expanded into most fearful dimensions, before a truly educated merchant could so much as entertain the thought.

The retail merchant, however much he may be contemned, occupies a no less important position than the wholesale dealer or importer. Says an able writer, "The mercantile class has been divided into two leading classes, — the wholesale dealers and the retail dealers. This division, like the divisions in other employments, has grown out of a sense of its utility. The interest of

all parties is consulted by this division. Had the wholesale dealers attempted also to retail their goods, they could not have given that undivided attention to any part of their business so necessary to ensure its success. . . . Were there only one class of merchants, the capital, and the number of individuals employed in commercial undertakings, would not probably be less than at present; but the merchant, being obliged to apply himself principally to one department, would have to leave the chief share of the other to servants; a change, which, as every one knows, would be productive of the most mischievous consequences."

How repugnant, then, to the principles of a true independence, this saving propensity, as manifested by many who have themselves passed through the various gradations (and much to their own credit), from the retailer's apprentice, to become the successful and efficient heads of extensive importing houses, and, it may be, to the haven of retirement from the cares and perplexities of an active business-life!

I need hardly speak, before an audience like the present, of the importance of cultivating a taste for literature and the fine arts, on the part of the true merchant. And yet, how often do we see men endowed with the highest capacities of mind, men who would have adorned any sphere of life, perverting all to the mad pursuit of gold! I have seen one, a young man, whose mind stood greatly in need of cultivation, deeply interested in the fluctuations of the stock-market, and the current curb-stone value of negotiable paper. I have witnessed his eagerness to grasp the slightest opportunity which promised gain; yet, in a large and well-selected library, he was discontented and unhappy, knowing nothing of that joy as described by the poet, —

"Give me

Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers.

Can I, then,

Part with such constant pleasures to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge."

Go to-morrow into one of our stately warehouses, and by a

vast majority will you find those who choose the heap of wealth. But of how little use is all this wealth, if deprived of the power of rational intellectual enjoyment! Hundreds of men are now toiling on in this community, doomed to all the drudgery which becomes a slave, only because they have hitherto neglected to cultivate the intellect, at the same time that they were amassing property.

The cultivation of one's own mind leads to an interest in the improvement of the minds of others. Success should induce liberality. And it will do so whenever and wherever a man has been true to himself. How pitiable is the condition of that sordid wretch who has amassed a fortune, who has enough and to spare, and yet suffers none of the drippings from his overflowing coffers to reach the poor and needy, the industrious and deserving! If to be pitied when in the full tide of success, how miserable must such a one be under a reverse of fortune? When friends turn coldly on him, to what form of consolation shall he turn? The companionship of books he has spurned, and yet —

“Worthy books

Are not companions: they are solitudes;

We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.”

But all this is lost to him. He cannot with Fenelon say, “If all the riches of both the Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe, were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all.”

Despondency must take possession of his mind, and wretchedness must be his lot. How different it is with him who has sought to improve his mind! True, fortune frowns upon him; but he seeks counsel in the wisdom of the past, which has been gathering for centuries. He girds himself for the conflict anew, and proves himself a man, with all the energies and perseverance which become a noble spirit.

If successful, he enjoys the companionship of the great and good of all time. He listens to Xenophon, and learns that “the riches of individuals constitute the strength of the state;” while Lycurgus assures him that “luxury is the bane of society.” From all this he concludes, that, by applying his riches, not so much in magnificence of equipage, furniture, or apparel, as in

benevolent deeds, and liberal encouragement to arts and science, he shall advance the best interests of society, and profit by the wisdom of the past. While he acknowledges that the purchase of choice works of art, and the erection of a beautiful structure, or the founding of a scientific school, are well, he knows that the encouragement of an embryo artist, or the improvement of the condition of the poor and their dwellings, are as essential; and that the endowment of a professorship is not more commendable than a hearty interest in the primary education of a child.

If it was the homage paid by royalty to art for Charles V. to pick up the fallen pencil of a Titian, it was a higher compliment, and more becoming an opulent merchant, for Lorenzo de Medici to so endow Michael Angelo, by raising the artist himself above want, that he might, unrestrained, pursue those studies by which the world should be blessed in some of the choicest works of genius. When my artist-friend received from the hands of Samuel Appleton his check for two hundred dollars, with a simple request to paint him a picture, a principle was served, which was of no less importance than that which induced, near the close of his life of generous deeds, those ever-memorable words, "*The will must stand as it is!*" Yes! many a struggling artist of our day has met in Lawrence and Appleton those generous impulses which led them to nourish the growth of genius, and bestow on the altar of our country's fame those laurels gained by forms which glow on canvas, or speak in the gracefully-sculptured marble. Not in that form which patronizes the public sale of some suffering child of genius; or, worse still, by bestowing their aid in such a manner as to crush the sensitive spirit of the youthful aspirant for fame, as effectually as was the humble, modest, and devout Corregio slain by the weight of the quadrinos instead of the crowns which should have requited his toil at the easel; but rather in that more commendable and Christian course, of seeking out such as possessed true talent, and liberally rewarding the most unpretending efforts of their pencil. *Such is the mercantile homage to art.*

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that the true merchant is a regular attendant on, and liberal supporter of, public worship. He need not favor the erection of gorgeous temples, where the poor can have no place; for, as has been very justly observed, "costly churches keep men out of heaven, as extravagant stores

drive them out of business." But no merchant can be so lost to his pecuniary interest even, as to withhold a generous support to the institutions of religion. Without the principles of Christianity, where would be government, and the guarantee of property?

A place for the "Bible in the counting-house" is more than a mere figure of speech; and accordingly, if a man wishes to succeed, and to have about him those who are faithful to his interests and to the principles of moral rectitude, he will see to it that his own influence is in the right direction. He will encourage, by every means in his power, the growth of piety in the land, and the spread of that volume which is adapted to the wants of every condition in life, — high or low, rich or poor, bond or free. It needs but a moment's reflection to convince even the most indifferent, that the practice of worship established at Kingswood was not an extreme idea, and aided much to the harmony and success which enriched its founder, Samuel Budgett.

Brothers of the Christian Union, — ye who have embraced the labors, the hopes, and discouragements of the mercantile calling; who hope for success, and are striving to attain it, — I adjure you to ponder well the foundation you have already laid, and upon which you have hoped to build up both name and fortune. God forbid that even one of you aspire to the latter, without the former! For, as the wise man has written, "A good name is better than great riches."

Be mindful, then, of your character. See to it that it be of true proportions. It is not long ago that this entire community were startled by an appalling accident: a slight warning, — a sudden crash, — and a heavily stocked warehouse was a mass of ruins. A slight deficiency in a pillar, and that below the surface of the street, caused the whole inner fabric to totter and fall to the ground.

So with the young man: he may go on, and amass a fortune; but that one small imperfection, that trivial deviation from the path of right, though for a time concealed, will at some time be fully developed, and cause a more terrible ruin than in any stately granite warehouse; *for an immortal soul has fallen to the dust.*

In turning over, quite recently, our list of members, my eye rested on the name of one who was, to my mind, so promising an

illustration of the positions I have assumed, that you will pardon me if I still further trespass on your patience while I pay a brief tribute to the memory of Albert T. Minot.

Left at an early age to rely on his own resources, by the death of his father, he was not only the artificer of his own fortune and character, but also the support of a revered mother, and the counsellor and stay of a numerous family of brothers and sisters. "Mother, you must look after things at home, while I go forth to see what I can do to make home comfortable," were solemn words from the lips of a mere lad, and afford a key to his subsequent career. Selfishness was a trait which was never nourished in his breast; for, when struggling with all the energy he could master, his spirit could not endure the sight of his younger brother, as he passed along the street with his basket on his arm as a grocer's lad. No, even in this trying season, one year's private tuition was provided from his already overburdened purse, that that brother might be better prepared to become a man. Thus on through life, although successful as a merchant, the good of others occupied the most of his thought, and much of his labor.

Confined by sickness, which induced a temporary withdrawal from business-avocations, his active mind, which had already solved the doubts which may have once existed in his thoughts, and brought him to a clear faith in God and Christ Jesus, was, through the solicitations of friends, directed to our own municipal affairs, and the more extended politics of the country. Like a true merchant, he considered that a deep interest in such matters was both becoming and proper; and they continued, to the day of his death, to occupy a considerable share in his thoughts. Here, as everywhere else, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. Though modest and unassuming ever, he yet towered above his fellows. Wherever Minot was, he was, by general consent, the leader. That was no mean compliment bestowed upon him by one much higher in office than himself, when he said, "Whenever Minot and myself disagree, I always revise my own opinion, feeling very sure *that the error must be on my part.*" And I am permitted to extract from the pen of another, a gentleman high in the legal profession, but absent from the country at the time of my friend's death. He writes thus: "We had been much together, and had become more intimate than is usual for men whose avocations lead them into such different paths. I regarded him as

one of the ablest men in the mercantile profession in Boston ; and I always thought he was destined to take a position among the very highest. But this was not all. He was kind, self-sacrificing, and true as steel. To say that I would trust him with gold, would be a tame remark. I would trust in his keeping my honor, my integrity ; and these are more than life."

From an intimacy which was ripening into closer sympathies, as day succeeded day, I can most fully respond to the sentiments so beautifully expressed.

And when I present him to you my brothers, not only as a merchant, but also as a devout inquirer after the truths of religion, and a devoted public officer, it is because I wish to acquaint you with the whole man.

Minot was not a mere politician, — an aspirant for political honors. They came to him without the asking, and, long before his death, were firmly declined. Public duty alone prompted his acceptance of any office ; but, once accepted, he was indeed "true as steel."

Grasp, then, as he did, every means for usefulness. Know your position as a merchant, not alone as connected with the routine of a store, but in the more enlarged sense of your relation to the public.

Have faith in God. Work out, as he did, the problem of your own salvation, and not rest on the faith of your fathers, merely because they believed it, unless approved by your own investigation. Be true to duty, especially if circumstances shall call you to a participation in public affairs. Be self-sacrificing ; be true, as he was true.

Having all these qualities, and being faithful unto the end, you will honor the profession of the *merchant*, — dignify and perpetuate the bonds of *Christian union*, — elevate the character of the *politician* ; and, when death shall call you hence, like him whose character we have briefly considered, you shall draw sincere mourners around your bier, lifting their eyes above and beyond the deep recesses of the grave, to that other sphere, where the ever-active spirit moves on in an unbroken service of good and mighty works.

THE BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM.

REPORT FOR THE FIFTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

[Our readers will readily appreciate both the propriety of publishing the following Report, — so full of a peculiar and tender interest to the best part of our community, from its allusions to the deceased benefactors of one of our ancient and most honorable charities, — and the kindness of the accomplished lady who has consented to this use of her words. The immediate friends of the institution will not need to be told that the Report is from the graceful pen that has rendered the same service for several years. — Ed.]

THE managers of the Asylum again welcome within its walls those patrons and friends whose kind sympathies have drawn them together to join in the services of this anniversary day, and to inquire how the providences of God may have dealt with it during the past year. Very mercifully, should be the grateful reply to this interrogation. For the health of its inmates has been almost uninterrupted; its valued matron and teachers are still in their places; its Christian privileges in the church and Sunday-school, and the ministrations of its pastor, physicians, and other friends, have been continued; and every added year gives added proof to those who have the direction of its concerns, that, amid some trial and discouragement, which must always be expected to attend even our best endeavors, there is much in their experience to encourage and reward them.

Ten children have been admitted in the last year, and sixteen placed out, most of the latter very recently; so that the number in the Asylum is, just now, less than that of the past year, — being eighty-six, while that was ninety-two. These changes are constantly recurring, and a few weeks may probably place the balance on the other side. Ten of those formerly apprenticed have reached the age of their majority during the present year; and, of most of them, it is known that they are doing well, and maintaining themselves respectably.

An instance, which shows in how many directions the benefits of this charity may branch out, has occurred so lately that it presses itself forward as if it had a claim to be recorded. Last winter, a very attractive little girl was presented for admission.

But the rules of the Society imposed two barriers. Both parents were living, although the father was far gone in consumption; and the mother had two other children, one of them an infant, to provide for. Then, too, the little one lacked some months of the three years, which is the earliest authorized age of admission. But some of the ladies agreed to pay her board until that time. When it arrived, her father being dead, she was received here. A few weeks since, her appearance attracted the regard of a gentleman and his wife, who, having no children of their own, were desirous to adopt her. The situation being unobjectionable, their wish was granted; and she, whose short life had not been exempted from privation and suffering, is now the happy child of a home where she is cherished with parental love.

The additional thousand dollars, completing the payment of Mr. Ingersoll's liberal bequest, has been received. Another legacy, peculiarly valuable as a testimony from one whose situation made her a faithful witness to the value of this institution, was made by Mrs. Judith Brackett, of Hopkinton, N.H. She was formerly a nurse in Boston; and, living in the vicinity of the Asylum when it was in Essex-street, became interested by seeing the children, and making herself acquainted with the establishment. In her last will, she directed that the remainder of her property, after certain specified appropriations, should be given to the "Boston Female Asylum:" the sum of \$227.52 is accordingly due from the executor, Mr. James Straw.

The unfailing friend of the orphan, Dr. Shattuck, has also showed his continued remembrance, by constituting his daughter, grand-daughter, and niece, life-members of this Society.

Other donations have been received, which must not be unmentioned. They cannot be weighed with gold and silver, for their greatest value is in their appeal to the memory and the heart.

On the first day of this year, a fine crayon portrait of Madam Prescott was presented by her distinguished son, "in the hope," as was expressed in his note, "that the ladies would have no objection to its hanging on the walls of a place which was the scene of her pleasant labors, where it will bring before them the features of one who was so long their companion in the work of love." How welcome the gift was, need not here be told. And it may well be thought to add even to the fame of Cheney, that he was able to give a likeness so faithful and expressive from

a miniature Daguerreotype, with which Madam Prescott, who could never be prevailed on to sit for her portrait, had surprised her family on the first day of the preceding year.

It was one of the last acts of the late Mrs. Robert G. Shaw to leave at the Asylum, as a gift from her husband and herself, a copy of Stuart's portrait of her mother, Madam Parkman, accompanied by a kind note from Mr. Shaw. They were not received until a few days after the meeting in March; and the lady to whom the note was addressed, not being willing to delay it until the next month, immediately acknowledged the receipt of the valued gift, mentioning that an official expression of gratitude would be given from the Board at its next meeting. Before that time came, the sudden death of Mrs. Shaw made the vote intended to be sent to her husband one of mingled thanks and condolence; and, even before this could reach him, the hand of death rendered unavailing to him all of this world's sympathy or acknowledgment.

And now the faces of the three faithful women who have successively filled the place of First Directress in this Society look down from the walls of the Managers' room upon those who are carrying on the purposes of charity to which they devoted themselves. These faces bring back cherished memories; they give, too, their solemn lessons; and may both be blessed to their successors!

Although this house has for two years been preserved from the visitation of death, some of the honored and the dear, those to whom, in earlier and later times, the Asylum has owed much of its prosperity and usefulness, have, in the last, been struck down in rapid succession.

The first in order of time was one whose absence on these occasions was always marked as an unusual thing. He was with us on the last anniversary, and may be remembered to have said, in the few words he addressed to us, that to him "the last always seemed the best." The last indeed it proved to be for him! In Dr. Francis Parkman, the Asylum lost a friend who never forgot his hereditary claim to consider it with peculiar interest; and who was always ready, both with the encouraging word and the liberal deed, to manifest his regard for an object that had been so dear to his mother, and which was, even from his youth up, connected with the sympathies of his own kind nature.

Next followed the removal of one whose beaming face was familiar to the inmates of this house, although his delicate health prevented his being present at these more public meetings. To mention the name of Amos Lawrence is enough to give assurance, that, where *he* was a friend, the benignant smile and the always open hand made his presence a constant blessing. It was eminently so here; and he will be missed in more ways than can easily be recounted.

After a few months came the death of Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, the only remaining child of Madam Parkman, followed so soon by that of her husband. The last proof of their remembrance of this institution has been already mentioned. Mr. Shaw had always been to it a generous friend and benefactor; and by no one, in any time of its need, would an appeal in its behalf have been more promptly or more liberally met.

There was another, whose deep interest in this charity was expressed by silent but constant service; and they who best knew this feel, that, in the death of Thomas B. Wales, it lost indeed a true and faithful friend.

The list is not yet closed. The name of Samuel Appleton is to be added to its sad record. By the gift of a thousand dollars, many years ago, he became one of the largest contributors to the funds of the Society. It was help in the time of its struggling need, and gave strength and courage to those who were laboring for it. Its after-records bear frequent witness to his munificence. The prizes given this day in his name show how much the welfare and improvement of the children had been in his thoughts; and, for this object, he gave another unsolicited donation of one thousand dollars, making the third he had bestowed on this charity.

It is somewhat remarkable that the four gentlemen last named were among those who each contributed one thousand dollars toward the erection of this building.

Earthly friends depart. God is for ever. Will he not raise up successors to those whom he has called to the higher life? Will he not still give to the orphan's cause its friends and helpers?

GROWING OLD.

As we journey on in life, we lose much of the enthusiasm with which we commenced it. This seems an ordination of Providence, a gradation in existence, so that the fleeting and tangible pleasures give place to the more lasting and real. In infancy, the merest bauble serves to amuse; in childhood, we fly kites, and work in baby-houses; in more mature life, we assume the responsibilities we *mimicked*, — she who dressed her doll, now attires her child; then we slide imperceptibly into age, — the eye dims, the hair whitens, the step falters, and the fresh zest of enjoyment is gone. We scarcely note the fact ourselves, and too often think of weaving and patching up the old pleasures in which we once sported. But age blunts our sensitiveness; we cannot recreate what is gone; we must substitute hopes that will not perish, and seek enjoyments over which time has no control.

Hannah More said, "it was a great thing to grow old *gracefully*." To look out upon what we now term the "follies of the age;" to see the young running after shadows, and spending time and substance in unsubstantial nothingness, — and never to manifest any peevishness, any sharp rebuke, any old truism, such as, "It was not so in *my* day," shows we have conquered much of the infirmity that usually belongs to advanced life. And then to keep a cheerful exterior, to let the twilight of our existence forbode a happy closing evening, to descend to the tomb followed by the regrets of the young, to be mourned over as the affectionate counsellor in whom no bitterness of soul dwelt, to be laid away and looked upon by faces that would gladly have retained us yet longer, — this is indeed a boon worth the sacrifice of all that is petulant and fault-finding, all that is morose and disagreeable; besides, by such tranquillity, we are preparing ourselves for heavenly bliss, where no jarring elements ever enter. I know not to what kind of an immortal inheritance the querulous *here* expect to enter *there*: those who are constantly repining, while living in a world of such delightful harmony and beautiful arrangement, — how *can* they expect to be happy in the presence of the great Author of all peace and universal harmony! How is it with *us*? Have *we* conquered the infirmities requisite for such a transfer of existence?

H. S. E.

UNPROMISING SCHOLARS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL:
WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

EVERY time that we have recalled the discussion at the last Teachers' meeting, relating to the management of unruly children, the verse would come to our mind, which says, "God commended his love towards us, in *that, while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us;" and we cannot think any child should be sent from the Sunday-school, until we are sure no means have been left untried to reclaim him. And, in view of the power of love, and the promises given to faith and prayer and earnest labor, can any teacher say that "she has done what she could"? — that her faith has been strong enough in the power of good over evil, her love for the sinning human soul deep enough, her patience enduring enough, her prayer for each one faithful and fervent enough? — that she may have no misgivings as to whether the shortcomings of the pupils be not *in part* her own fault?

When one thinks that the work to be done in the Sunday-school is to form a Christian heart in the young, and then reflects upon the amount of time given to it while there, and in the teacher's thoughts during the week, one could wonder, not that so little was done, but so much. How many of the teachers give any serious time or thought to the subject of their lessons, or to their pupils? With how many is it crowded into the evening before the sabbath? With how many is their office the subject of prayer, that there may be enlightenment from God's Holy Spirit, to teach them "what they shall say or what they shall do"? With how many of us is there any study of the several characters of the pupils under our care, so that we may understand them, and know what they need, what they enjoy, and from what they suffer the most? Childish joys and griefs are very *real* things, as every one of us can remember; and to sympathize with a child is the surest way to its heart; and how can we do that if we do not *know* them? We all see how easy it is for a child to love a teacher. Does the child feel as sure that the teacher loves him? "The beloved disciple," speaking of God, says, "We love him, *because he first loved us.*" With how many of us is there a

careful casting about, to find, from all the varied resources about us, matters of interest that shall attract the young heart, and suggest thought, and awaken feeling? With how many is it an object of *continuous* attendance? How many of the scholars know they shall surely find their teacher at her post? that nought but positive inability will keep her away? Happy the teacher whose conscience tells her she has been faithful! But, "if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things."

Is it said that all this demands time? We need to be awakened to a sense of our responsibility, if we think we can be successful Sunday-school teachers without preparation. Perhaps it is a reason why we do not succeed better in training the young in our Sunday-schools. That we do *not* succeed, every one will allow. We pray, "May thy kingdom come:" there is no surer way to bring that prayer to its fulfilment than in making it lovely to children. There is a grievous wrong done to the soul of every child to whom it has been made to appear unlovely. Let every teacher look to it, that such a charge be not laid to her conscience. There is not enough of real, hearty, loving service among the teachers. There ought to be, and there would be, if there were more *thought* given to it. A *sense of duty* is more often the ruling motive of the teacher, and the sense of duty is good and grand often in its self-sacrifice and devotion; and yet what would have been Jesus' influence over us, if he had died for us from a *sense of duty*? We profess to be Christ's disciples, we call him "Master;" yet how many of us even *strive* for the might of that spirit, where-with he overcame the evil in the world? "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but *that he loved us*." It seems, if every teacher would conscientiously reflect upon her work, what it is, and what she is or *is not* accomplishing, it would quicken her to renewed life and energy. It may be given to such, for God oft-times chooses humble instruments to do great things, to be the saviours of many souls; it may be given them to sow seeds of good, whose abundant harvest eternity alone can reveal. And the alternative is theirs, likewise, by indifference or slothfulness or levity, to leave, upon the pliant, impressible spirit of the young, an ineffaceable impression of the dulness or coldness or unloveliness of a religious life. And so it is, they who would do the work of the Master must have the spirit of the Master, —

unwearied, undoubting love, which has the promise of overcoming all things to itself. And does this not bring us, finally, to the answer to our question, — that love should pre-eminently be the ruling power in a sabbath-school? For our own part, we do not believe that any human spirit ever failed to yield to the power of Christ-like love, when properly presented to it; ever failed to succumb, at last, to a love that prays and strives and endures and *hopes*, — some faint shadowing forth of the love that “laid down its life for us.” “If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.” Can every teacher say she so loves the souls committed to her charge? Let them look to it, that no pupil of theirs need say, “None cared for my soul.” Rather let it be, as it appeared once to a faithful teacher. She was very ill and weak, and felt herself slowly sinking away; and then it seemed to her she had passed away, and lay at the foot of a mountain whose shining summit was heaven. Faint and exhausted, how could she ever ascend those steep sides? Her heart failed her, when suddenly voices caused her to lift wearily her eyes; and, O joy! there were little angel-children, joining stretched-out hands as a chain to lift her up! Their faces and voices seemed strangely familiar; and, as she looked again, her heart throbbed with new life, for she saw they were the spirits of her sabbath-schoolers, who had gained the heights before her. It was but a vision of the night; but might it not suggest an inspiring truth?

A. B.

THE great festival of Christendom comes round once more. In its spirit, truly considered, it is no less than the great festival of humanity. The morning of Christ's birth was ushered in with angels' songs, proclaiming unity and peace and good-will among men. For the rejoicings of this anniversary can we conceive of any language more appropriate and true than music! Music, which gives voice to the spiritual part of us, that so refuses to be moulded into forms of thought and speech! Music, which is the natural language of the religious sentiment, — a principle so human and yet so divine! Music, which, in all its diversity, for ever hints of Unity and seeks the One; and under whose influence we forget our differences, and feel that in our inmost, deepest aspirations we and all earnest souls are kindred! — *J. S. Dwight.*

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE SEASON.

WE are in the midst of another great "season" of vital activity. The forces of our intense and centralized life are in full play. Vast energies, social, intellectual, commercial, mechanical, are at their work, daily, nightly, unceasingly. Nearly half of the season is already gone. The civil new year falls almost at the middle of that efficient and available year assigned by our climate and customs. Serious questions rise to meet us. Are our spiritual solicitudes and enterprises commensurate with the power operating through the various appliances of traffic, science, and society? No doubt, regular and conscientious ministrations are supplied to the religiously inclined, in the appointed places. Let this be gratefully acknowledged. Ought this to satisfy us? Do not the special exertions in the world of business both justify and demand some special exertions in behalf of the kingdom of God? Is there no room, no invitation, in the Divine Economy, for a diligence that is occasional and extraordinary? Are not times of remarkable material prosperity times of peculiar religious danger, and thus providential provocatives of Christian zeal? We are extending our trade: are we extending, in any thing like an equal measure, the sway of godliness? Countries and continents are nearing one another: are they coming nearer to the reign of a thorough and consistent piety? The pile of wealth is accumulating: is it rising only as a barrier between our souls and heaven? Clouds of incense go up to distinguished guests, idols of the popular admiration: do they dim or intercept the vision of the Master and his spiritual glory? and is there a guest-chamber, large and hospitable, provided for the heavenly Messenger, where the disciples may eat the Passover with their Lord? Assemblies meet to stimulate the mixed emotions of a sensuous nature, to entertain the fancy, to excite the brain; do larger and larger numbers combine and congregate for the enkindling of faith, for the simple fellowships where the Holy Spirit is sought and shed abroad, for the uniting of more fervent and prevailing prayers? Public-spirited citizens devise new paths to national distinction: do the friends of Christ take deeper counsel for the honor of his cause and the conversion of souls? Churches of the living God can hardly hold such questions foreign from their interest.

CERTIFICATES OF CLERICAL CHARACTER.

A custom seems to be gradually coming in among us, which ought not to pass without at least a challenge. We refer to the practice, in parishes, of giving certificates of character to their dismissed ministers, and, what is worse yet, the publication of these certificates in newspapers. It certainly indicates, and possibly it promotes, rather the mobility than the nobility of the modern clergy. The minister comes to fulfil more and more the inferior conditions suggested by his title, and to stand on the economic as well as the moral level of the servant. By-and-bye, candidates presenting themselves for settlement will be expected to pull out of their pockets files of "recommendations" from their former flocks; and the one that can show the longest list of commendatory adjectives will of course prove the successful competitor. Apart from the humiliating effect of this use of vouchers on the dignity of the profession, it is a temptation to falsehood. Let the relations between parish and pastor have been what they may; let the parish have been capricious and unreasonable, or the pastor faithless and foolish, — a good strong string of resolutions, at the disruption, affords "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Where the congregational order still survives, the Council discover, perhaps, "sufficient cause for dissolving the connection," but, nevertheless, testify that nobody is to blame; the merits of the preacher are equalled only by those of the people. So, in Unitarian societies, where ecclesiastical councils are nearly out of date, the resolutions signed by the clerk are a salvo for all delinquencies. Indeed, the reader is sometimes puzzled to guess how a bond steeped in such apparent mutual admiration happened to get sundered. Why not be frank, or use silence? If this new usage obtains, a parish, unprincipled enough to discard its minister without cause, will be only encouraged to that fraud by the facility of varnishing the injustice with a bit of fulsome rhetoric; and a minister, unprincipled enough to neglect his proper duties, will deliberately calculate on saving his reputation, even if he loses his place, by the farewell compliments. The ceremony will soon become meaningless, or a lie. If few housekeepers have courage to retain their honesty while writing a "character" for a bad or supplanted cook, how can most parochial majorities, or, as the case oftener stands, minorities, hold fast their simplicity in the composition of a testimonial to a sensitive and disappointed shepherd?

"CONFLICT OF AGES."

Dr. Beecher's theory, in his "Conflict of Ages," acts with most logical force against Orthodoxy, with most spiritual force against Unitarianism. Arraigning the former for many kinds of inconsistency, it encounters the latter at the point of *conviction of sin*. This encounter is hostile, of course, only so far as Unitarianism is Pelagian, i.e., teaches that human nature, in each new-born child, needs nothing but a right development and culture. This view many persons, ranked with the Unitarian party, — like Mr. Sears, whose clear and beautiful treatise, published under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, presents one of the most evangelical aspects of Unitarian opinion, — reject, as "a survey of human nature only upon the surface," and as taking its "recruits from the side of the world, — not from those who had before left it, and are passing on to deeper experiences." The doctrine of Mr. Sears, — that the depravity of our nature comes by descent from preceding sinful generations, the process of degradation having begun with Adam, in whom "the balance between good and evil began to dip the wrong way," while his successors kept adding to the weight, till "the scale came heavily down," and the *fall of man* was completed, — is discarded by Dr. B., as for many other reasons, especially because, in the idea that new-created souls begin an eternal existence in a depraved society, where each generation is sinking deeper and deeper, he cannot recognize the justice or honor of God, nor admit that such souls have ever had a fair probation. "The central elements of a sinful spirit," he says, "pride, selfishness, self-will, envy, and the like, do not rise and sink in successive generations." They were as ripe in the first generation as now. It will be seen that a part of his objection against this doctrine of Mr. Sears is identical with his main objection to all the current forms of Orthodoxy since the time of Augustine; viz., that, in preserving the truth of man's native depravity, they infringe on the equity and integrity of the Creator. Hence his resort to the theory of a pre-existence of souls, and of their wilful revolt from purity in that pre-existent state, where motives to good originally preponderated.

Those apostles of lax notions respecting man's sinfulness and need of regeneration, who have hastened to greet this volume as an ally to their cause, will be subject to a disappointment. Their felicitations over a fresh accession to the side of the "all-about-right" system of theology are premature. A closer study will

discover, that, while the author aims to disclose a nobler benignity on the countenance of God than Calvinism ever saw, he abates not one jot from the enormity of sin, the weight of its doom, or the just impression of its terrible sway. Whatever becomes of his account of its origin, he everywhere treats this enormous depravity as a *fact*, potent alike to all the senses and to consciousness, equally put beyond question by revelation and by experience; so that it will not do to say, that, if his theory fails, after undermining the common dogma of "sinning in Adam," then the doctrine of natural depravity itself is lost. Our author knows the secret corruption of mortal hearts better than he knows the secret counsels of the Eternal Mind. Indeed, a chief source of our interest in the extensive circulation of his work lies in the fact, that it must help to quicken the inert conscience of the modern church, rousing it to more vigorous exertions against the softening influence of a philosophy which flatters the propensities, excuses the transgressor, abolishes the distinction between holiness and respectability, and, by promising that all shall come out well enough at last, reduces the alternative of spiritual salvation or perdition to a simple question of time. It is deeply to be desired, that, by creating a keener sense of the shame and guilt of an unreconciled heart, and thus laying the sure foundations of a renewal of character, such an argument may lead, in the only providential way, to the production of fairer and grander forms of righteousness, a more distinct religious consciousness, a freer and more cordial reception of spiritual life in Christ Jesus. Superficial and temporary misconstructions are fully foreseen by the author, but not feared. Indeed, we find an elevated moral dignity in all his brief and calm allusions to the probable abuses that await his publication. Neither his reverence for truth, nor his intellectual superiority, are disturbed at the prospect of perversion on the one hand, and of pitiful sectarian triumphs on the other. He probably foresaw, as we may safely predict, that the bitterest opposition and most impatient ridicule that the book will meet, when its logical results are understood, must proceed from those whose theology, or practice, stands among the "fools that make a mock at sin."

Another chief element in the value of Dr. Beecher's book, also independent of its proposed object, is the historical element. It is incidentally both a biography and an analysis of the church doctrine of depravity. So admirable an exposition of the contents and interior relations of Augustine's system; so careful and discriminating a record of the developments of the central Augustinian

idea, and its workings through the creeds of successive periods; so clear and condensed a statement of the critical points of difference between the modern schools, and their complexities, — must command the grateful respect of every conscientious reader. They effectually place the author in the society of accomplished scholars and brave thinkers. And these elucidations of warring opinions are very practical. To many admiring students, the special thought which absorbs the writer's soul, and impelled him in the composition, will appear the least important feature of the treatise. So, if his foremost hope is disappointed, Providence may compensate him by using him for an end he did not seek. That beautiful piece of exegetical reasoning on the celebrated passage in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans would alone justify the publication of the volume.

Not that we undervalue the ability of the general argument. On the contrary, we apprehend that whoever undertakes formally to answer it, except perhaps from the ground of extreme Pelagianism, will find room for the exercise of his best faculties. Smart skirmishes with a few of the salient points of the theory, left most exposed, will hardly satisfy the conditions of a grave inquiry on so serious a theme. Most men, we apprehend, will fail to be convinced, rather because old views satisfy them, than because they have found the fallacy in the new. It does seem to us that Dr. Beecher has left his statement needlessly incomplete. The work stands in instant want of a supplement. In what an open field, for instance, does his total silence on the immediate antecedent history of the incarnate fallen spirit, and on the law of its conjunction with the body, invite a cavilling imagination to disport itself! On the other hand, a serious reflection will probably oblige us to concede, that the intrinsic and metaphysical difficulties of transferring a vicious soul from a pre-existent state into an infantile organization, with oblivion of the past, are no greater to the Almighty, and really present no more perplexities to our understanding, than the creation of a soul out of nothing, — provided always there were a justifying cause. So the problems offered by the Pagan races, and by the death of young children, on Dr. Beecher's theory, though different in some respects from those connected with the ordinary orthodox system, are not perhaps more embarrassing; but we should have been glad to have the benefit of our author's ingenuity.

One article of belief, common to Dr. Beecher's creed and that of the sects with which he is understood to be most in sympathy,

is so alien from all liberal habits of speculation and speech, that its prominence in this treatise will probably throw a kind of unreality over some of its most powerful passages with the latter class of readers. We refer to the alleged exercise of a malignant influence on the present world from an order of condemned and revolted spirits. This idea of diabolic agency, so dependent on the Scriptural affirmations, being referred to the ancient and oriental superstitions by the liberal interpretation, has lost its hold on men of that school, or remains only as one of the desperate resources of a laboring rhetoric. It has often occurred to us, that this forgotten doctrine might be destined, before long, to be resumed, at least into a fresh discussion, either by the way of philosophy or faith. Where it becomes familiar, we should suppose it must facilitate the admission of many of the appeals in the work before us. If we continue to cherish, according to our present tendency, the belief in influences operated upon us by the disembodied spirits of the pure and holy, whether angelic or saintly, it does not appear why we should exclude, as unreasonable, the notion of an interference of the opposite character. Such an interference no more compromises the Divine Sovereignty than the power of bad examples within the natural sphere, unless we suppose it to be irresistible. In that direction, Dr. Beecher's language seems to us occasionally to proceed very far. In fact, once or twice, while reading his vivid descriptions of that prodigious Satanic mischief-maker, "of all-pervading power, infusing error, blinding generation after generation, making his fixed and steady opposition to the cause of God," and especially when we found the doctor referring to this infernal antagonist the fact that his own doctrine of pre-existence has been kept so successfully out of the minds of men, we could not help asking, Why not attribute directly to this huge instigator the whole difficulty of native depravity itself, and thus cut the knot at once? If Satan could cheat the world out of knowing where its corruption came from, why might he not have insinuated the corruption?

It is not true, as has been declared, that Dr. Beecher overlooks the objection, that his view only throws the difficulty back into a former state of being, without relieving it. He confronts that objection honestly. He casts the responsibility and guilt of sin on man in his pre-existent state; but, if asked, "Did not God violate the principles of honor and justice in *permitting* sin in that former state?" he replies by his doctrine of the temporary limitation of the divine power, and of the pathology of the divine

nature. Now, it is idle to pretend there is no moral distinction between a divine government which admits sin among beings created with a preponderating bias toward good, as an indispensable condition of their free agency, and a divine government which brings new created beings into the world corrupted and disabled by depravity before they begin to act. The fallacy of those who miss this distinction is in substituting the phrase, "God permitted the pre-Adamic fall," for "The pre-Adamic fall necessarily took place in the face of the Divine Economy." Whatever we may think of Dr. Beecher's philosophy of the existence of evil, we must grant that the gain he makes on Calvinism is precisely this: by the popular system, God voluntarily creates every man, since Adam, originally with such a nature that he cannot help being a sinner; by Dr. Beecher's system, God created every man originally with a free and undamaged will, but could not help his becoming a sinner should that will so choose. Back of all this, however, there is a question, which Dr. Beecher has not touched, carrying us into a profounder region still, viz. — How can a being placed in a state where good prevails, and with motives to good preponderating in his nature, change the balance, and so sin? Can the motives to good have preponderated, if the motives to evil overcame them? Where, then, did the motives to evil originate?

The fate of this book will be singular. Sold, read, admired, discussed, abused, plundered from, and laughed at, to as full a measure as the most ambitious writer could desire, it will very likely found no sect, — possibly make not a single thorough and open convert. It has been "hawked at," and will continue to be, by the pledged and bigoted adherents to foregone conclusions on the one hand, and, on the other, by that careless class of pretended religionists who can comprehend any thing else more readily than the inward exercises of an intense experience; who cannot yet enter into the fearful struggles of a conscience convicted of guilt; and who comfortably beg their fellows to be assured that sin is not, after all, so very sinful. Our author has certainly provided well against any sudden mortification, when he frankly tells us that he expects his views to be adopted only by the rather select class of "benevolent, candid, humble, logical, well-balanced minds."

How unutterably poor, beside his own generous and catholic temper, do those critics appear, who can find, in his devout meditations and reasonings, nothing but the occasion for a gibe at a

rival denomination, or a base chuckle over the dissensions in a neighbor's camp! We have heard comments on this work equalling in magnanimity those of certain Orthodox presses that exult in a publication like Mr. Parker's "Questions to the Unitarian Association," not because it aids the truth, but because it scandalizes an opponent. When will the church outgrow these base and belittling passions?

A great deal of cheap wit will of course be expended on all the details in the application of this new theory. We shall be edified with flippant jests, from those that can bring nothing better, on "worn-out devils," "second-hand souls," the passage between limbo and the cradle, and the responsibilities of propagating the species. It is to be hoped that some of the fluent objectors will at least propose a plan that shall reconcile more existing difficulties than Dr. Beecher's. For ourselves, we should deem it no disgrace if his doctrine should often rise to our thought, in the fluctuating moods of speculation and emotion, as a *possible* relief to the questioning intellect, were other and more familiar modes of protecting our faith in God's goodness against skeptical suggestions to fail us. Let the author, let us all, remember that we are not to prescribe methods to Omnipotence, nor limit the divine possibilities by our narrow reason, nor handle the everlasting mysteries roughly. "The angels that stand nearest the throne veil their eyes with their wings." Surely *we* may be content to see through a glass darkly. Poor Haldane was nearly right, after all. There are three texts, under whose broad and calm authority we can afford to wait for logical demonstrations very patiently: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Meantime, every earnest believer must look with tender and respectful sympathy on another strong grasp of a brother's hand at the vast problem that is awful as death, and old as the world; must listen thoughtfully, it may be sadly, to another deep-drawn sigh out of the breast of that unutterable sorrow which broods over the sinning heart of humanity till the manifestation of the sons of God.

NEW BOOKS.

Memoir of Pierre Toussaint. By Mrs. H. F. LEE. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — The frontispiece, presenting a face full of character, but truly African, is followed by the graceful record of a pure, valiant, disinterested life. Few readers will rise from its perusal without feeling, Here was one of God's noblest children! This St. Domingo slave became the friend of some of the most refined, accomplished, and eminent men and women in and about the largest city in the land. And it is no disparagement to any of them to say, that not one was so high, in station or merits, as not to be benefited and honored by his acquaintance. How could the story of such a hero and saint, with his remarkable fortunes, fail to be fascinating? Said a witty and distinguished gentleman once, to a lady who cited the courtly Hyde de Neuville, as embodying the ideal of perfect manners, "Madame, the most perfect gentleman I have ever known is Pierre Toussaint."

Noah and his Times. By Rev. J. M. OLMSTEAD. Gould & Lincoln. — The title not only covers an extended examination of all the circumstances and questions pertaining to Noah's life and the deluge, — geological, chronological, exegetical, &c. &c. — but several discussions of the nature of antediluvian life, events immediately subsequent, and many collateral points of great interest, such as the unity of the race, origin of the death-penalty, the primitive language, sacrifices.

Memoir of Robert Wheaton. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. — The united recollections of affectionate and admiring friends, co-operating with the faithful thought and love of one nearer than any of these, have done justice to this manly character. The superiority of Mr. Wheaton's mind, and the purity of his heart, were felt wherever he was known. No other than a remarkable nature could have gained such friendships as he enjoyed, at so youthful an age. Dying at twenty-five, he added new honor to one of the most honored names in New England. The volume before us is full of the highest kind of interest, and includes several of the fruits of an elegant scholarship, ripened so early by the culture of both the old world and the new. His last words were, "Mother, read the prayer!" How touching, how filial; how worthy of his manly, believing soul!

Hypatia; or New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Mr. Kingsley elevates the novel-writing profession. He always writes with a purpose,

with a meaning, with energy and vitality. This work is brilliant, sad, thoughtful, witty, philosophical, devout. The difficult and complicated materials are so skilfully managed, that historical justice, dramatic unity, and moral impression, are well satisfied. Escaping one or two points of peril rather narrowly, the author appears to us, on the whole, to leave his reader in a wholesome mood at the end, and the better for what he has read. The character of Raphael Ben Ezra alone is a great study. Among modern writers, we hardly know of a more beautiful specimen of poetico-scholastic reasoning, or a more ingenious use of the idealistic philosophy, in a small space, than the Platonic argument for the Divinity of Christ. The point of the story — which relates the conflicts of the Stoic, Gothic, Jewish, Phyrhonic, Epicurean, and Christian ideas — is tolerably compressed in this sentence, "Were the catholic church but for one day that which she ought to be, the world would be converted before nightfall."

Testimony of the Poets. B. B. Muzzey. — The selections are made from a wide field, with excellent taste, and evidently by a practised and skilful hand. To the general devotional tendency of the work we accord a hearty assent. So far as it is meant to sustain the doctrine of universal salvation, it seems to us unscriptural; and many of the poets quoted would decidedly object to any construction that should bring their language to the support of that tenet. But the tone is never dogmatic; while in point of poetical merit, and a soothing influence, the pieces can hardly be commended too highly.

The Religions of the World, and their Relations to Christianity. By F. D. MAURICE. Gould & Lincoln. — Mr. Maurice is one of the living men of the age, and is just now enjoying the celebrity that his opponents have given him by an attempt to check his freedom. His sermons are full of thought and faith. These Boyle lectures are well described by their title. The survey is rapid, of course, but comprehensive; and is popular, without being superficial. We have lately met no more useful book for the general reader; and most students will find in it new combinations, and thoughts that enkindle thought.

Christ in History; or, the Central Power among Men. By ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — The admirable method and clear arrangement of this treatise commend it, as well as the magnitude and sanctity of the theme. The author has shown his usual taste, industry, scholarship, and piety. The volume is attractive and useful; it is liberal and evangelical;

and although greatly different from the work of Mr. Maurice, just noticed, will probably find as extensive a circle of readers in this country.

The Convent and the Manse. By HYLIA. J. P. Jewett & Co. — As the conflict, in this country, waxes more close and urgent between Romanism and Protestantism, books of this class will be more and more popular. Their authors undertake a very responsible task. There must be moderation, and a careful avoidance of heated, partisan appeals to passion. Perfect justice, or a careful balancing of systems, can hardly be expected; but at least let there be no invectives and violence, like Gavazzi's. "The Convent and the Manse" is well-written, entertaining, and shuns all offensive vituperation.

The Infidelity of the Times. By REV. W. H. CORNING. J. P. Jewett & Co. — The title sufficiently explains the work, which is written in a very serious and religious vein, and not without acuteness.

The Lady's Almanac for 1854, published by J. P. Jewett & Co. is an ornamented and convenient little volume, handsome enough to lie on parlor tables, containing, besides the usual calendar matter, interesting sketches of eminent modern females, with their portraits, useful information, anecdotes, and a list of female writers in this country, with their several departments, which quite surprised us by its length. What could have induced the compiler to reckon S. S. Osgood, the artist, among the dead?

The Priest and the Huguenot. By L. BUNGNER. Gould & Lincoln. — "The Preacher and the King" has already made the talented author of this work, who is a minister of the Reformed Church of Geneva, very favorably known to an intelligent circle of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. His gifts, as an historical painter by words, are perhaps more fully brought out in this work than in its predecessor. He has struck a rich vein; and his books cannot fail of great popularity. Possessing the charm that must ever invest brilliant pictures of the court and society of France in some of its most brilliant epochs, they connect the scenes of the splendid drama with religious ideas and the fortunes of the church. In these two volumes before us, we have a vivid portrayal of the terrible struggles of the faith in the South of France, after the horrors in the reign of Louis Quatorze; a bold sketch of the fervors and sufferings of the Canisard war; the labors of Antoine Court; the antagonistic position of Rabaut and Bridoine; graphic likenesses of characters like Voltaire and

Rousseau, D'Holbach and D'Alembert; with personal illustrations of the workings of Jesuitism, Encyclopedism, and Protestantism, in that strange time.

Christian World Unmasked. By JOHN BERRIDGE. Gould & Lincoln. — Some of our readers will recall a capital account of this odd Bedfordshire preacher and genius, in the "North British." It is said his drollery did not follow him into the pulpit. There is enough of it in this treatise to exhaust the capacities of any one humorist. We could not recommend it as edifying matter to the light-minded. And yet, for those that will seek it, under all the quaintness and bluntness, there is a tone of affecting, tender sincerity. Berridge "thought in proverbs and spoke in parables, — that granulated salt which is so popular with the English peasantry." His success was wonderful. Four thousand souls are reported to have been converted under his appeals in a single year.

Lectures to Young Men, and to Young Women. By Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — It is good to hear that edition after edition of both these wholesome works is rapidly disposed of. Unexceptionable in taste and judgment, their healthful counsels and sober warnings may be received by the whole community with the confidence due to a thoroughly wise and conscientious friend. Our brother's quiet and honorable labor at St. Louis is reaping large harvests of esteem and love. The whole West is feeling his influence. Both the books may be put into the hands of young persons of either sex, not only without misgiving, but with a certainty that the gift is better than silver and gold.

Sculpture and Sculptors. By Mrs. H. F. LEE. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — A singularly modest and simple preface here introduces two volumes of sterling value and charming execution. They discover wide research and a happy faculty of narration. And they meet a real want. Beginning with an interesting account of Winckelman (where a just acknowledgment is made of Dr. Lodge's translation), they follow the history of the art through its Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, and Roman developments, through the Middle Ages, and then pass to represent the great artists of modern times, French, German, Spanish, English, Scotch, Danish, American. Let every order on the booksellers for the season include this excellent work.

Daniel Webster, the American Statesman. Gould & Lincoln. The author has not only brought together the facts and incidents, new and old, in the great man's life, but he has so skilfully

arranged them, and traced the whole career from boyhood upward, as to ensure for his book a favorable and profitable reception among the young.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Every year the supply in this department of literature is extended. Its importance is not likely to be over-estimated. Whoever purchases gift-books for children, or selects children's libraries, ought to feel that he discharges a sacred trust, and to regard something beyond amusement. The errand is too apt to be done hastily, or with a mere reference to the fancy. Something must be bought; and the buyer takes the first pretty-looking volume thrown before him. This is no friendship to the young. Too much, in their characters, tastes, opinions, habits, depends on every book they read, to leave us excusable, if we put into their hands whatever happens to come in our way. Fortunately, in these days, the choice need not lie between the entertaining and the useful. So much genius has been brought into the service of Christian ideas, and given to this kind of composition, that the good books are just as entertaining as the bad. Among those we have had occasion to examine lately, that may be safely commended, are the —

Leila Books, written by ANN FRASER TYTLER, published by S. C. Francis & Co., New York, and sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co., in Boston. The volumes now before us are "Leila in England," and "Leila at Home." These are designed for children between the ages of perhaps eight and thirteen years; though older persons can hardly read many of the passages in them, without being deeply moved by their pathos, and without admiring their genial, thoughtful, religious spirit.

My Uncle Toby's Library is a series published by George C. Rand, and sold by Reynolds & Co., in Cornhill, adapted to a younger class. Whoever "Francis Forrester, Esq.," may be, he understands the child-nature. We know one little girl that has read "Minnie Brown" through some four or five times, and is now going enthusiastically over it again. Besides "Minnie Brown," we have received "Arthur Ellerslie," "Redbrook," "Ralph Rattler," and "Arthur's temptation." More are promised. The paper and type are beautiful; and the books are so written,

that, while each number is a complete story in itself, there is a connection running through the whole series.

Popular Legends of Brittany—Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—are calculated rather to cultivate the imagination than the practical energies of the young people. Some of the stories tend to encourage good feelings and good principles somewhat indirectly. Among all our practical inclinations, perhaps we can afford, now and then, a taste of the old-country fairy tales. The marvellous adventures here related may be salutary for dull brains. But they are somewhat too much in the line of the "Arabian Nights" to constitute the very best kind of reading.

Flowers that Never Fade, culled for their Young Friends by Amelia and Annie. George W. Briggs & Co., Boston. — A collection of short pieces, in prose and verse, pure, wholesome, simple, and every way commendable, in clear print, with a handsome page. Mr. Briggs is at the corner of Washington and Essex streets.

We cannot forbear referring also to that admirable and faithfully-sustained periodical, coming to so many homes every month with a welcome from bright faces, — *The Child's Friend*.

The Wind-Spirit and the Rain-Goddess. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — A story-book that has the genuine German flavor, and will be sure to keep the young people fastened to it till the end.

PAMPHLETS.

"*The Moral Significance of the Crystal Palace*" is a Sermon by Rev. H. W. Bellows, vigorous and humane, and every way characteristic of the author. — *Rev. T. W. Higginson's Discourse on the Unitarian Convention.* Many of Mr. Higginson's views of the application of Christian principles to society must engage the sympathy of every earnest man; for they are large and strong. In this particular sermon, he seems to have substituted, for "the foolishness of preaching" commended by Paul, the preaching of foolishness. — In his *Address before the Charitable Mechanic Association*, as in all his productions, Mr. Russell gives the impression of a healthy, hearty, intelligent gentleman, writing chiefly out of loyalty to generous ideas, but partly also for the fun of the thing; having something to say, and independent in his habits of thinking. — *A Layman's Review of Dr. Dana's Remonstrance* is an honest and dry attempt to sustain the Papal

cricket in Newburyport against the faith and brains of Professor Park, — a defence that needs guns of considerable calibre. The author evidently reveres the memory of John and Phœbe Phillips, and has a conscientious opinion that "Andover should be above suspicion." But he should remember that suspicion may be of more than one kind. — *Preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ* is the title of a fresh, sensible, and devout installation sermon, preached at North Attleboro' by Rev. A. D. Mayo of Gloucester. — Rev. C. M. Taggart, now assistant minister of the Unitarian church in Charleston, S.C., has published three Sermons; two on *The Moral Mission of our Country*, setting forth, in glowing language, the blessings and responsibilities of our territory and institutions; and one on *The Virtue of Fasting and Prayer*, aiming quite successfully to give a practical turn to the observance of a day of public humiliation. — Rev. Nathaniel Hall's Sermon at West Cambridge, occasioned by the death of that pure-hearted and lamented preacher, Rev. James F. Brown, is a most excellent and elevated survey of the character of the deceased, as well as of the mysterious Providence that removed him. With this discourse is printed the last sermon preached by Mr. Brown, showing, what was well-known to his friends, that he understood and embraced those peculiar doctrines of the New Testament and of the Cross of Christ, which alone are effectual for the conversion of the world and the perpetuating of the church.

REPORTS.

We have the Report of the "Unitarian Church Association of Maine," setting forth the careful plans of that active body, and showing the proceedings of the last annual meeting; of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Union," indicating full prosperity and constant growth, at the end of the first two years of its existence (Rev. W. O. Moseley, Curator); of the "Liverpool Domestic Mission Society," a record of the year's doings that Rev. Francis Bishop never fails to make interesting; and of "The Annual Examination of the Public Schools of the City of Boston," prepared by S. W. Bates, Esq., being an enlightened discussion of the present educational system, touching many points of vital concern to the morals and security of the city, with special reports of the Latin, High, and Normal Schools, signed by J. T. Stevenson, Esq., Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and Dr. Le Baron Russell.



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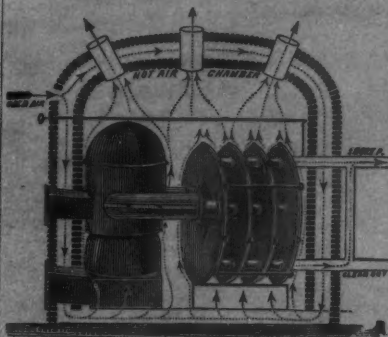
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